WOW
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COMICS
A FAWCETT MAGAZINE
10¢
JUNE
NO. 14
MARY MARVEL
FIGHTS MR. NIGHT
FOR THE
POT OF GOLD!
68 PAGES IN FULL COLOR

CRASHING THROUGH--

TO GREATER HEIGHTS OF **ACTION!**

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MR. SCARLET AND PINKY— STAR IN THE "FILM OF FEAR"! PAGE 52
ALSO— COURAGEOUS SHORT STORY— VOYAGE TO VALOR! PAGE 50

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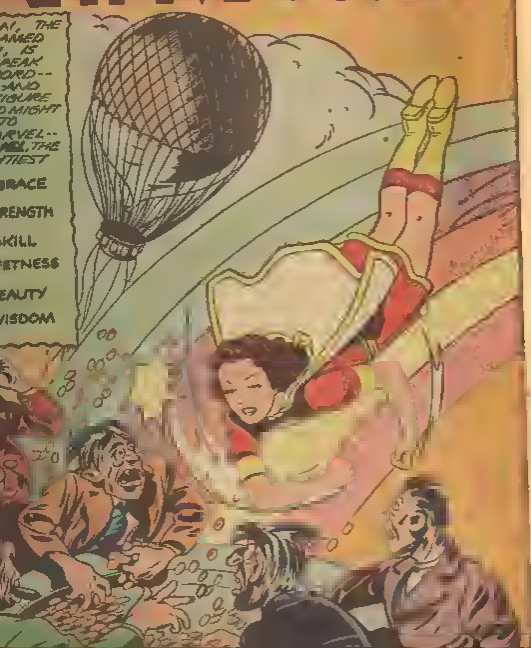
ARY MARVEL



GOES OVER THE RAINBOW

GOOD DEED LEDGER
I hardly know whether to record this as a Good Deed or as one of the most fantastic and astounding adventures Mary Marvel ever had! Ever since the Earth began, the iridescent rainbow has graced the skies after a rain, and through the ages a strange legend arose about the "Pot of Gold" at the rainbow's end!
But a legend that suddenly came true! Earth's scientific minds had never penetrated the true secret of the rainbow—except one! The super-scientific mind of Mary Marvel's elder, Uncle Dudley! And he, Uncle Dudley, was even then dreaming of this scientific wonder, when Mary Marvel, they ran headlong into a breath-taking maze of the skies that I sometimes think might have been only a dream! Yet, if it was a dream—what about the gold many Mary Marvel brought back?
MARY BATSON
MARY BATSON SPENDS MUCH TIME AND THOUGHT IN CONSTANTLY FILLING HER GOOD DEED BOOK. BUT ONE DAY IT SEEMS THERE IS NOTHING LEFT—!
NOW WHAT CAN I DO TODAY? VISIT ORPHANS? HELP BLIND PEOPLE ACROSS THE STREET? NO—I WANT SOMETHING BIG AND IMPORTANT TO DO!
THE LATEST HEADLINES SUDDENLY FURNISH INSPIRATION!
THE DAILY TIMES
POT OF GOLD LEGEND CLAIMED TRUE!

MARY MARVEL

MARY BATSON, THE SISTER OF FAMED BILLY BATSON, IS ALSO ABLE TO SPEAK THE MAGIC WORD--SHAZAM!--AND CHANGE TO A FIGURE OF POWER AND MIGHT SECOND ONLY TO CAPTAIN MARVEL--MARY MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST GIRL!

- SAPPHO (SPIRIT OF PURITY AND GRACE) — GRACE
- HIPPOLYTA (QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS) — STRENGTH
- ARIADNE (SPIRIT OF SKILL) — SKILL
- ZEPHYRUS (SPIRIT OF THE WEST WIND) — FLEETNESS
- AURORA (GODDESS OF THE WIND) — BEAUTY
- MINERVA (GODDESS OF WISDOM) — WISDOM

MARY MARVEL GOES OVER THE RAINBOW!

GOOD DEED LEDGER

I hardly knew whether to record this as a Good Deed or as one of the most fantastic and astounding adventures Mary Marvel ever had! Ever since the Earth began, the resident rainbow has graced the skies after a rain, and through the ages a strange legend arose about the "Pot of Gold" at the rainbow's end!

But a legend that suddenly came true! Earth's scientific minds had never penetrated the true secret of the rainbow—except me! The combined minds of a boy no older than myself! And between this boy scientist and Mary Marvel they ran headlong into a breathtaking adventure that I'll have space to tell you about sometimes when it doesn't seem like a dream! Yet it was a dream, what about the Gold Mary brought back?

MARY MARVEL

MARY CATSON SPENDS MUCH TIME AND THOUGHT IN CONSTANTLY FILLING HER GOOD DEED BOOK, BUT ONE DAY IT SEEMS THERE IS NOTHING LEFT —!

NOW WHAT CAN I DO TODAY? VISIT ORPHANS? HELP BLIND PEOPLE ACROSS THE STREET? NO—I WANT SOMETHING BIG AND IMPORTANT TO DO!

GOOD DEED LEDGER

THE LATEST HEADLINES SUDDENLY FURNISH INSPIRATION!

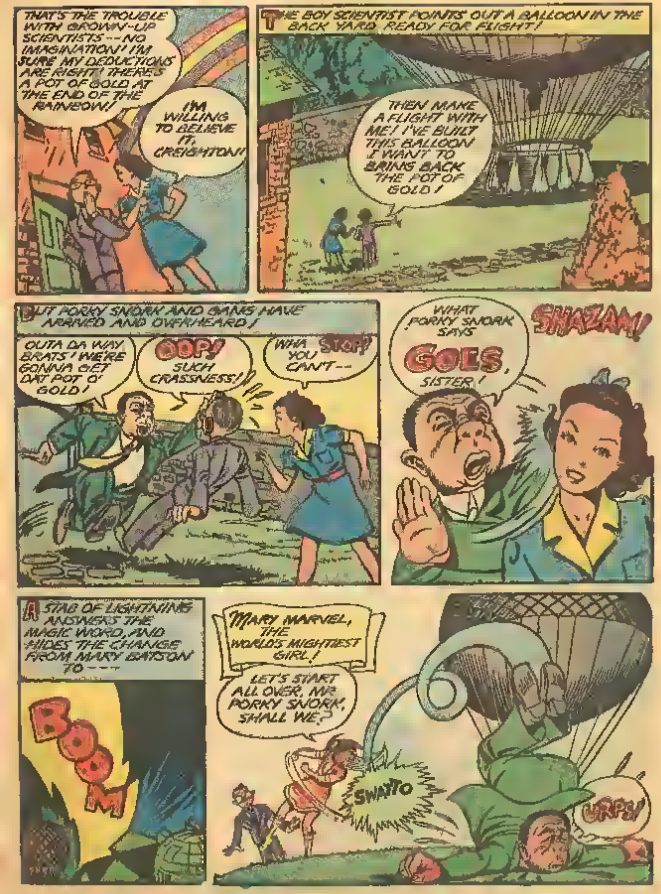
WHAT'S THIS?

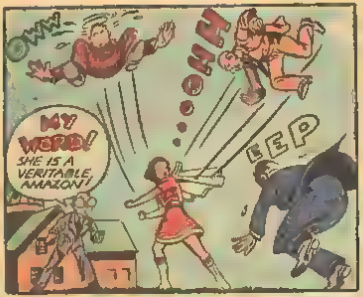
THE DAILY TIMES

POT OF GOLD LEGEND CLAIMED TRUE!

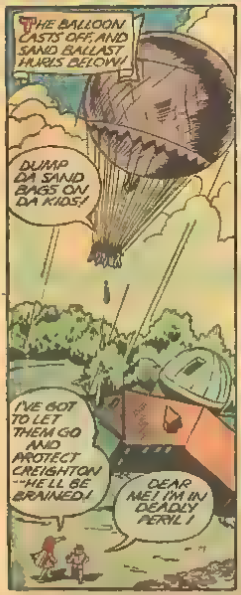
FROM THE SCIENCE LABORATORY OF PROFESSOR ATOM SMASHMAN WHO CLAIMS THE STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT THAT THE LEGENDARY "POT OF GOLD" AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW ACTUALLY EXISTS! OTHER SCIENTISTS SAY "IT'S!!!

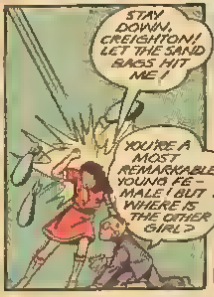
MAYBE IT IS TRUE! WHO KNOWS? AND IF SO THAT GOLD WOULD BE VALUABLE TO THE WAR EFFORT! THERE'S MY GOOD DEED--GETTING IT! BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE TO VISIT DR TINKERMAN -
THE HEADLINES HAVE ALSO STRUCK THE AVARICIOUS EYE OF A FAR DIFFERENT REASON--ONE POORLY SNORK AND GANG OF THAT STRATUM OF SOCIETY KNOWN AS THE UNDERWORLD!
SEE DAS, BOYS,? GOLD! A POT O' GOLD AT DA END OF DA RAINBOW!
ARE YOU NIDDIN'? ONLY KIDS'D BELIEVE DAT KINDA FAIRY TALE MALARKEY!
LISTEN DOPES!
DEY THOUGHT WITCHES FLYING ON BROOMSTICKS WAS A FAIRY TALE --TILL DEY IN-VENTED DA AIRPLANE!! C'MON, I AIN'T LETTIN' ANY GOLD SLIP OUTA MY FINGERS!
MEANWHILE, MARY BATSON REACHES THE LABORATORY OF DR TINKERMAN--
I'M MARY BATSON MAY I SEE DR TINKERMAN ABOUT HIS POT OF GOLD DISCOVERY?
AHEM!--I BELIEVE NOT! BESIDES, HE DIDN'T DISCOVER THE POT O' GOLD! I DID!!
YOU DID!
YES! I AM HIS SON CREIGHTON I AM--AHEM--A CHILD PRODIGY. ALREADY AT MY AGE, I AM A LEARNED SCIENTIST! WITH THIS INSTRUMENT I DE-TECTED THE POT OF GOLD AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW!
OF COURSE, PATER DOESN'T BELIEVE IT! HE THINKS I HAVE MADE CHILDISH FANCY WITH SOBER ADULT RESEARCH!
POT OF GOLD! BAH! DON'T BOTHER ME!

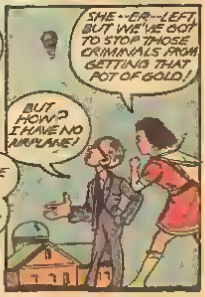

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH GROWN-UP SCIENTISTS -- NO IMAGINATION! I'M SURE MY DEDUCTIONS ARE RIGHT! THERE'S A POT OF GOLD AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW!
I'M WILLING TO BELIEVE IT, CREIGHTON!
THE BOY SCIENTIST POINTS OUT A BALLOON IN THE BACK YARD READY FOR FLIGHT!
THEN MAKE A FLIGHT WITH ME! I'VE BUILT THIS BALLOON I WANT TO BRING BACK THE POT OF GOLD!
BUT PORKY SNORK AND GANG HAVE ARRIVED AND OVERHEARD!
OUTA DA WAY BRATS! WE'RE GONNA GET DAT POT O' GOLD!
OOP! SUCH CRASSNESS!
WHA... STOP! YOU CAN'T--
WHAT PORKY SNORK SAYS GOES, SISTER!
SHAZAM!
A STAB OF LIGHTNING ANSWERS THE MAGIC WORD, AND HIDES THE CHANGE FROM MARY BATSON TO --
BOOM
MARY MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST GIRL!
LET'S START ALL OVER, MR. PORKY SNORK, SHALL WE?
SWATTO
URP!

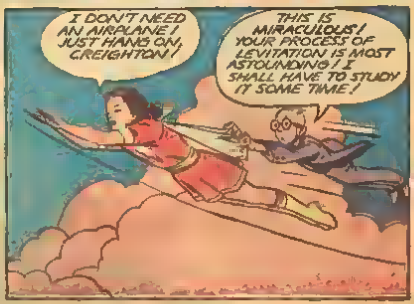

OWW!
OHH
MY WORD! SHE IS A VERITABLE AMAZON!
LEP

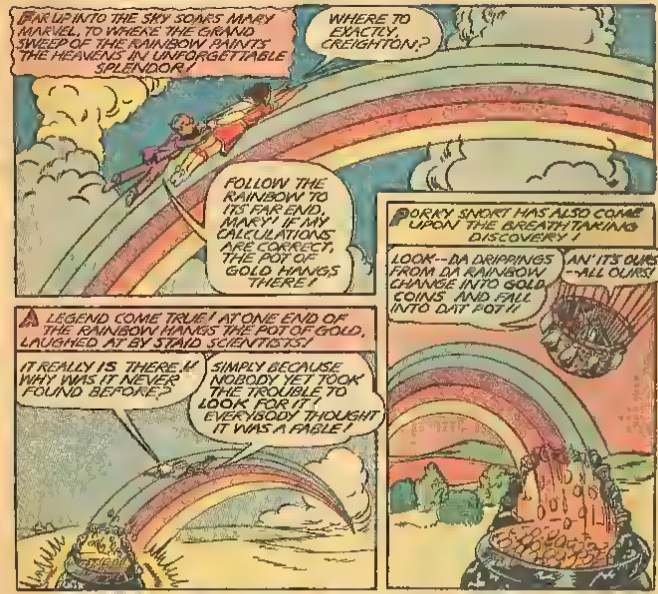
DON'T SLUG IT OUT WITH HER! INTA DA BALLOON, MEN!

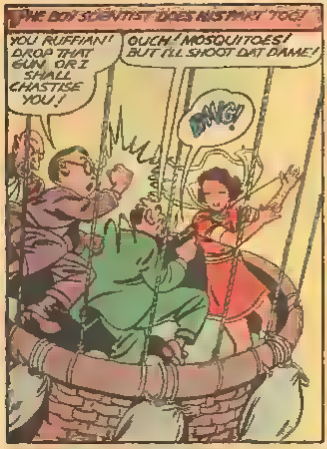

THE BALLOON CASTS OFF AND SAND BALLAST HURLS BELOW!
DUMP DA SAND BAGS ON DA KIDS!
I'VE GOT TO LET THEM GO AND PROTECT CREIGHTON --HE'LL BE BRAINED!
DEAR ME! I'M IN DEADLY PERIL!

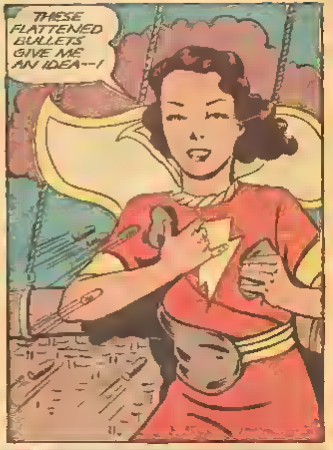

STAY DOWN, CREIGHTON! LET THE SAND BAGS HIT ME!
YOU'RE A MOST REMARKABLE YOUNG FE-MALE! BUT WHERE IS THE OTHER GURL?


SHE--ER--LEFT, BUT WE'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE CRIMINALS FROM GETTING THAT POT OF GOLD!
BUT HOW? I HAVE NO AIRPLANE!

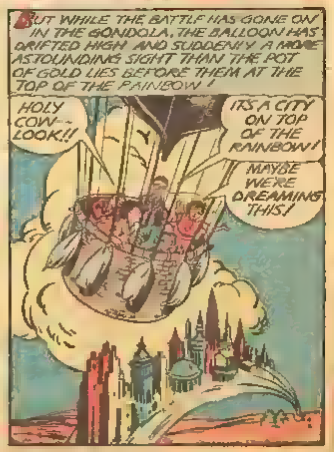

I DON'T NEED AN AIRPLANE! JUST HANG ON, CREIGHTON!
THIS IS MIRACULOUS! YOUR PROCESS OF LEVITATION IS MOST ASTOUNDING! I SHALL HAVE TO STUDY IT SOME TIME!

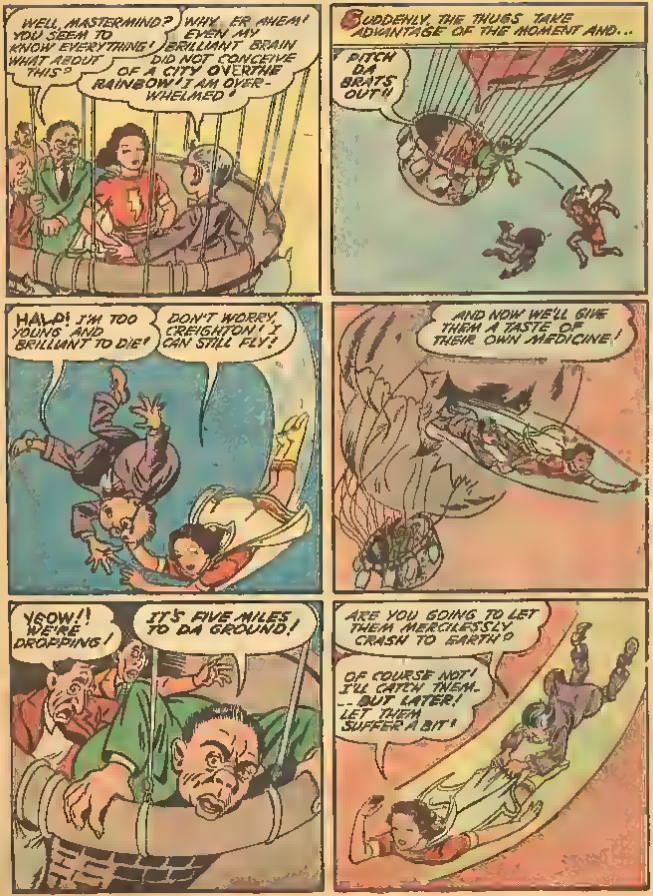

FAR UP INTO THE SKY SOARS MARY MARVEL, TO WHERE THE GRAND SWEEP OF THE RAINBOW PAINTS THE HEAVENS IN UNFORGETTABLE SPLENDOR!
WHERE TO EXACTLY, CREIGHTON?
FOLLOW THE RAINBOW TO ITS FAR END, MARY! IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT, THE POT OF GOLD HANGS THERE!
A LEGEND COME TRUE! AT ONE END OF THE RAINBOW HANGS THE POT OF GOLD, LAUGHED AT BY STAID SCIENTISTS!
IT REALLY IS THERE!! WHY WAS IT NEVER FOUND BEFORE?
SIMPLY BECAUSE NOBODY YET TOOK THE TROUBLE TO LOOK FOR IT! EVERYBODY THOUGHT IT WAS A FABLE!
PORKY SNORT HAS ALSO COME UPON THE BREATH-TAKING DISCOVERY!
LOOK--DA DRIPPINGS FROM DA RAINBOW CHANGE INTO GOLD COINS AND FALL INTO DAT POT!!
AN' IT'S OURS --ALL OURS!
NO, IT ISN'T YOURS, MY GREEDY FRIENDS!
CRIBES!! MARY MARVEL AGAIN!
BUT THIS IS ALL YOURS!
WHAP!

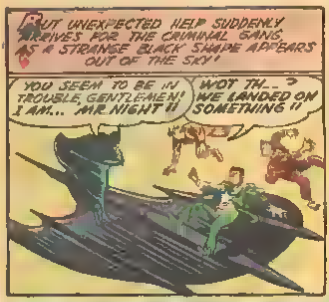

THE BOY SCIENTIST DOES HIS PART TOO!
YOU RUFFIAN! DROP THAT GUN, OR I SHALL CHASTISE YOU!
OUCH! MOSQUITOES! BUT I'LL SHOOT DAT DAME!
BANG!

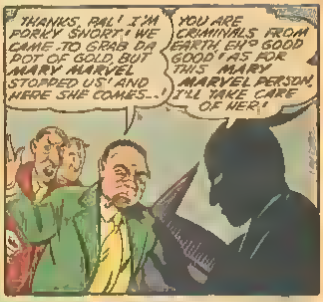

THESE FLATTENED BULLETS GIVE ME AN IDEA--!

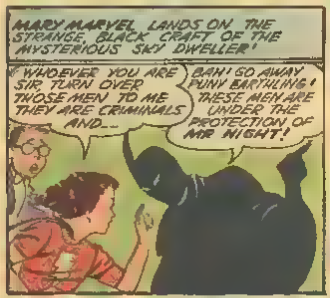
WISH THEY WERE PIES!!
BOOM!
BOOM!

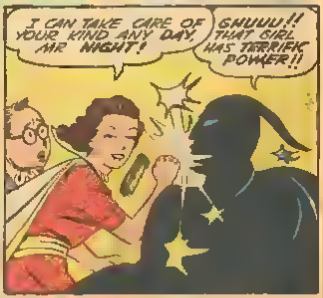

BUT WHILE THE BATTLE HAS GONE ON IN THE GONDOLA, THE BALLOON HAS DRIFTED HIGH AND SUDDENLY A MORE ASTOUNDING SIGHT THAN THE POT OF GOLD LIES BEFORE THEM AT THE TOP OF THE RAINBOW!
HOLY COW-- LOOK!!
IT'S A CITY ON TOP OF THE RAINBOW!
MAYBE WE'RE DREAMING THIS!

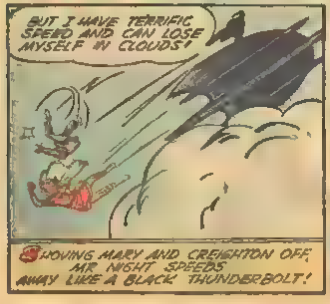

WELL, MASTERMIND? YOU SEEM TO KNOW EVERYTHING! WHAT ABOUT THIS?
WHY, ER AHEM! EVEN MY BRILLIANT BRAIN DID NOT CONCEIVE OF A CITY OVER THE RAINBOW! I AM OVERWHELMED!
SUDDENLY THE THUGS TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE MOMENT AND...
PITCH DA BRATS OUT!!
HALP! I'M TOO YOUNG AND BRILLIANT TO DIE!
DON'T WORRY, CREIGHTON! I CAN STILL FLY!
AND NOW WE'LL GIVE THEM A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!
YEOW!! WE'RE DROPPING!
IT'S FIVE MILES TO DA GROUND!
ARE YOU GOING TO LET THEM MERCILESSLY CRASH TO EARTH?
OF COURSE NOT! I'LL CATCH THEM--BUT LATER! LET THEM SUFFER A BIT!

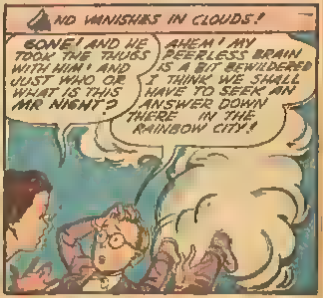

BUT UNEXPECTED HELP SUDDENLY ARRIVES FOR THE CRIMINAL GANG, AS A STRANGE BLACK SHAPE APPEARS OUT OF THE SKY!
YOU SEEM TO BE IN TROUBLE, GENTLEMEN! I AM... MR NIGHT!!
WOT TH... WE LANDED ON SOMETHING!!

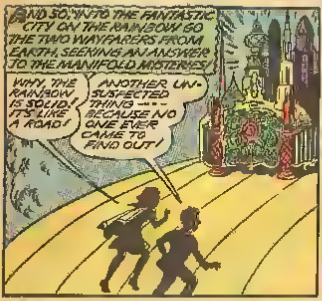

THANKS, PAL! I'M PORKY SNORT! WE CAME TO GRAB DA POT OF GOLD, BUT MARY MARVEL STOPPED US! AND HERE SHE COMES...!
YOU ARE CRIMINALS FROM EARTH, EH? GOOD GOOD! AS FOR THIS MARY MARVEL PERSON, I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER!

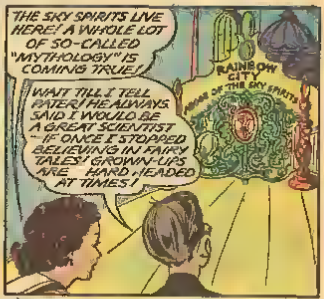

MARY MARVEL LANDS ON THE STRANGE, BLACK CRAFT OF THE MYSTERIOUS SKY DWELLER!
WHOEVER YOU ARE SIR TURN OVER THOSE MEN TO ME THEY ARE CRIMINALS AND...
BAH! SO AWAY PUNY EARTHLING! THESE MEN ARE UNDER THE PROTECTION OF MR NIGHT!

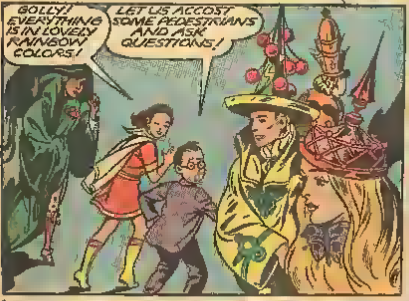

I CAN TAKE CARE OF YOUR KIND ANY DAY, MR NIGHT!
SHUUU!! THAT GIRL HAS TERRIFIC POWER!!

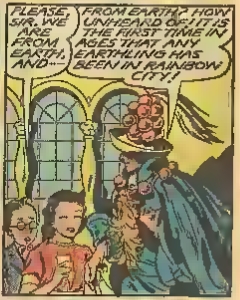

BUT I HAVE TERRIFIC SPEED AND CAN LOSE MYSELF IN CLOUDS!
MOVING MARY AND CREIGHTON OFF, MR NIGHT SPEEDS AWAY LIKE A BLACK THUNDERBOLT!


AND VANISHES IN CLOUDS!
GONE! AND HE TOOK THE THUGS WITH HIM! AND JUST WHO OR WHAT IS THIS MR NIGHT?
AHEM! MY PEERLESS BRAIN IS A BIT BEWILDERED I THINK WE SHALL HAVE TO SEEK AN ANSWER DOWN THERE IN THE RAINBOW CITY!


AND SO, INTO THE FANTASTIC CITY ON THE RAINBOW GO THE TWO WAYFARERS FROM EARTH, SEEKING AN ANSWER TO THE MANIFOLD MYSTERIES!
WHY, THE RAINBOW IS SOLID! IT'S LIKE A ROAD!
ANOTHER UNSUSPECTED THING — BECAUSE NO ONE EVER CAME TO FIND OUT!


THE SKY SPIRITS LIVE HERE! A WHOLE LOT OF SO-CALLED "MYTHOLOGY" IS COMING TRUE!
RAINBOW CITY HOME OF THE SKY SPIRITS
WAIT TILL I TELL PATER! HE ALWAYS SAID I WOULD BE A GREAT SCIENTIST — IF ONCE I STOPPED BELIEVING IN FAIRY TALES! GROWN-UPS ARE HARD-HEADED AT TIMES!

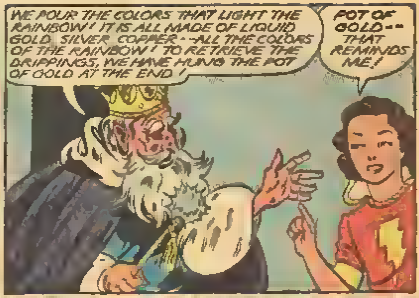

GOLLY! EVERYTHING IS IN LOVELY RAINBOW COLORS!
LET US ACCOST SOME PEDESTRIANS AND ASK QUESTIONS!

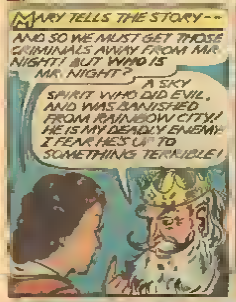

PLEASE, SIR, WE ARE FROM EARTH, AND—
FROM EARTH? HOW UNHEARD OF! IT IS THE FIRST TIME IN AGES THAT ANY EARTHLING HAS BEEN IN RAINBOW CITY!

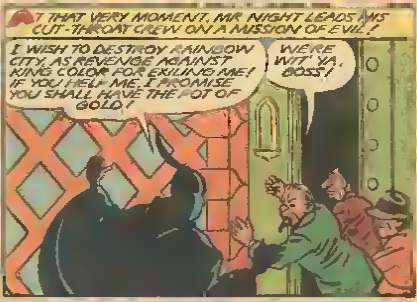
YOU MUST SEE THE KING! HIS PALACE IS STRAIGHT AHEAD —ONE BLOCK LEFT —YOU CAN'T MISS IT!
THANK YOU!

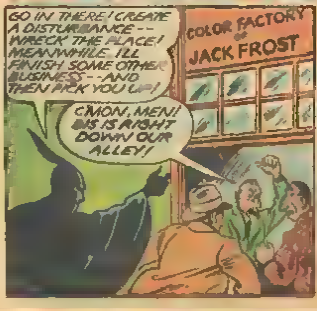
THE KING OF RAINBOW CITY RECEIVES HIS VISITORS!
WELCOME, MORTALS! I AM KING COLOR, RULER OF RAINBOW CITY AND ALL THE SKY SPIRITS!
HOW DO YOU DO, YOUR MAJESTY!! WE NEVER SUSPECTED THERE WAS A CITY ON THE RAINBOW!

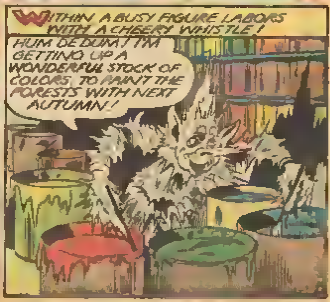
NO FEW EARTHLINGS DO! AND FEW EARTHLINGS REALIZE ALL THEIR COLORS COME FROM HERE! THE COLORS OF DAWN AND SUNSET, OF AUTUMN, OF THE AURORA BOREALIS, OF PICTURES! THIS IS THE KINGDOM OF COLOR!


WE POUR THE COLORS THAT LIGHT THE RAINBOW! IT IS ALL MADE OF LIQUID GOLD, SILVER, COPPER--ALL THE COLORS OF THE RAINBOW! TO RETRIEVE THE DRIPPINGS, WE HAVE HUNG THE POT OF GOLD AT THE END!
POT OF GOLD--THAT REMINDS ME!

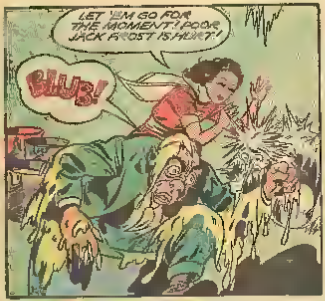

MARY TELLS THE STORY--
AND SO WE MUST GET THOSE CRIMINALS AWAY FROM MR. NIGHT! BUT WHO IS MR. NIGHT?
A SKY SPIRIT WHO DID EVIL, AND WAS BANISHED FROM RAINBOW CITY! HE IS MY DEADLY ENEMY! I FEAR HE'S UP TO SOMETHING TERRIBLE!

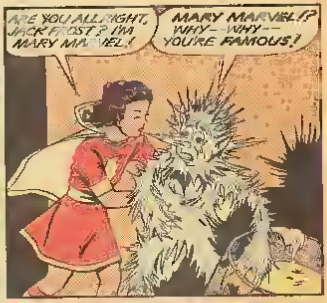

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, MR. NIGHT LEADS HIS CUT-THROAT CREW ON A MISSION OF EVIL!
I WISH TO DESTROY RAINBOW CITY, AS REVENGE AGAINST KING COLOR FOR EXILING ME! IF YOU HELP ME, I PROMISE YOU SHALL HAVE THE POT OF GOLD!
WE'RE WIT' YA, BOSS!

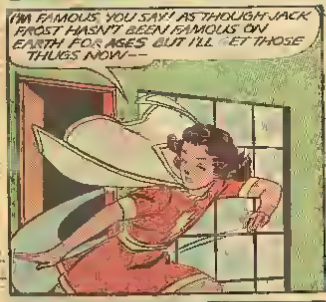

GO IN THERE! CREATE A DISTURBANCE--WRECK THE PLACE! MEANWHILE, I'LL FINISH SOME OTHER BUSINESS--AND THEN PICK YOU UP!
COLOR FACTORY OF JACK FROST
C'MON, MEN! HIS IS RIGHT DOWN OUR ALLEY!

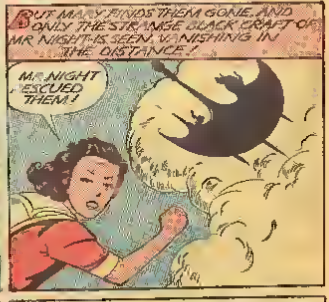

WITHIN, A BUSY FIGURE LABORS WITH A CHEERY WHISTLE!
HUM DE DUM! I'M GETTING UP A WONDERFUL STOCK OF COLORS, TO PAINT THE FORESTS WITH NEXT AUTUMN!

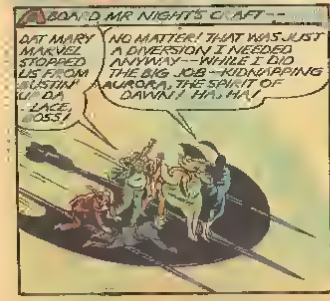
I'LL LAY DIS ARTIST GUY LOW, AND DEN WE WRECK DA JOINT!
UGHHH!
GET GOING, BOYS!
BUT KING COLOR AND MARY MARVEL HEAR THE NOISES!
SOMEONE'S WRECKING JACK FROST'S COLOR FACTORY!
I'LL INVESTIGATE!
MARY MARVEL!
YES, RAT—AND I'M SEEING RED!
DAT STRONG-ARM DAME AGAIN—OHH, I'M SICK—BLUB!!
THEN YOUR COLOR OUGHT TO BE GREEN, AND YOUR FRIEND SEEMS TO BE FEELING BLUE!
RUN! HALLUP OOPS!
RUNNING LIKE A YELLOW COWARD, EH? THEN BE YELLOW!

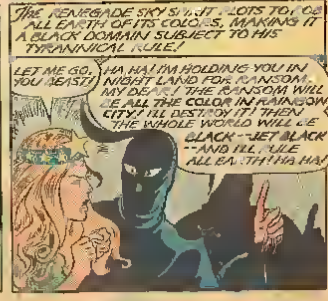

LET 'EM GO FOR THE MOMENT! POOR JACK FROST IS HURT!
BLUB!

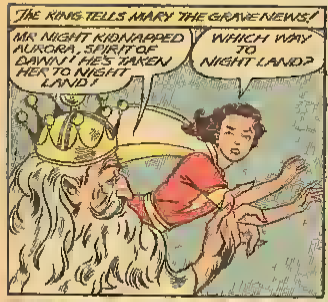

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, JACK FROST? I'M MARY MARVEL!
MARY MARVEL!? WHY— WHY— YOU'RE FAMOUS!

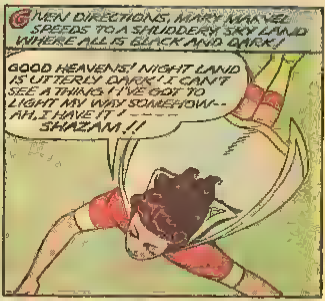

I'M FAMOUS, YOU SAY! AS THOUGH JACK FROST HASN'T BEEN FAMOUS ON EARTH FOR AGES! BUT I'LL GET THOSE THUGS NOW—

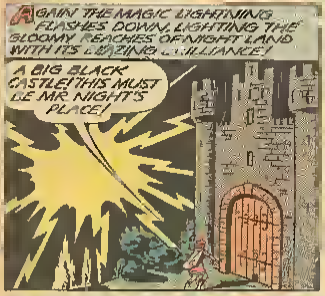

BUT MARY FINDS THEM GONE, AND ONLY THE STRANGE BLACK CRAFT OF MR NIGHT IS SEEN, VANISHING IN THE DISTANCE!
MR. NIGHT RESCUED THEM!

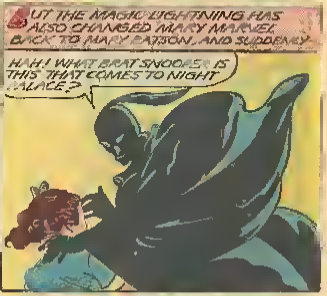

ABOARD MR NIGHT'S CRAFT—
DAT MARY MARVEL STOPPED US FROM BUSTIN' UP DA PLACE, BOSS!
NO MATTER! THAT WAS JUST A DIVERSION I NEEDED ANYWAY—WHILE I DID THE BIG JOB—KIDNAPPING AURORA, THE SPIRIT OF DAWN! HA! HA!

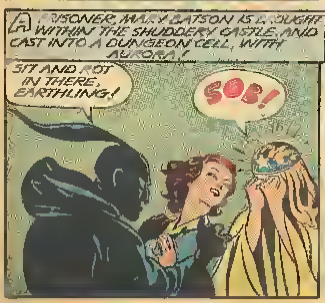

THE RENEGADE SKY SPIRIT LOTS TO DO ALL EARTH OF ITS COLORS, MAKING IT A BLACK DOMAIN SUBJECT TO HIS TYRANNICAL RULE!
LET ME GO, YOU BEAST!!
HA HA! I'M HOLDING YOU IN NIGHT LAND FOR RANSOM. MY DEMAND? THE RANSOM WILL BE ALL THE COLOR IN RAMSON CITY! I'LL DESTROY IT! THEN THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE BLACK—JET BLACK—AND I'LL RULE ALL EARTH! HA HA!

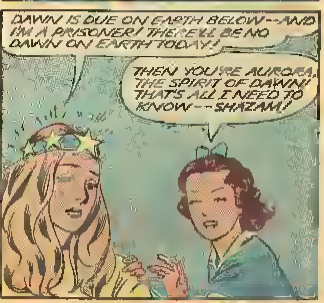

THE KING TELLS MARY THE GRAVE NEWS!
MR. NIGHT KIDNAPPED AURORA, SPIRIT OF DAWN! HE'S TAKEN HER TO NIGHT LAND!
WHICH WAY TO NIGHT LAND?


GIVEN DIRECTIONS, MARY MARVEL SPEEDS TO A SHUDDERY SKY LAND WHERE ALL IS BLACK AND DARK!
GOOD HEAVENS! NIGHT LAND IS UTTERLY DARK! I CAN'T SEE A THING! I'VE GOT TO LIGHT MY WAY SOMEHOW--AH, I HAVE IT! ---- SHAZAM!!

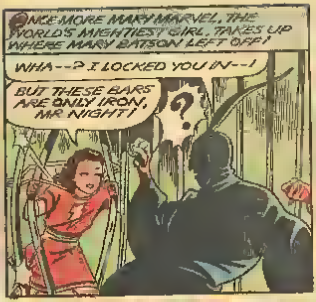

AGAIN THE MAGIC LIGHTNING FLASHES DOWN, LIGHTING THE GLOOMY REACHES OF NIGHT LAND WITH ITS BLAZING BRILLIANCE!
A BIG BLACK CASTLE! THIS MUST BE MR. NIGHT'S PLACE!


BUT THE MAGIC LIGHTNING HAS ALSO CHANGED MARY MARVEL BACK TO MARY BATSON, AND SUDDENLY--
HAH! WHAT BRAT SNOOPS IS THIS THAT COMES TO NIGHT PALACE?

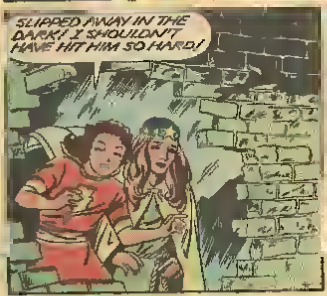

A PRISONER MARY BATSON IS BROUGHT WITHIN THE SHUDDERY CASTLE, AND CAST INTO A DUNGEON CELL, WITH AURORA!
SIT AND ROT IN THERE, EARTHLING!
SOB!

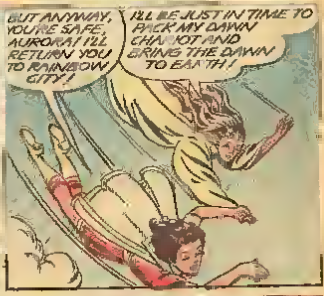

DAWN IS DUE ON EARTH BELOW--AND I'M A PRISONER! THERE'LL BE NO DAWN ON EARTH TODAY!
THEN YOU'RE AURORA, THE SPIRIT OF DAWN! THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW--SHAZAM!

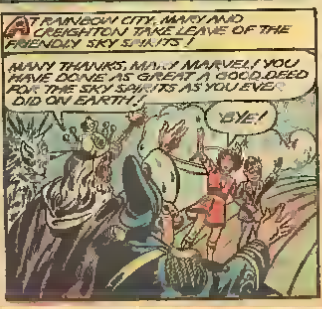
BOOM!

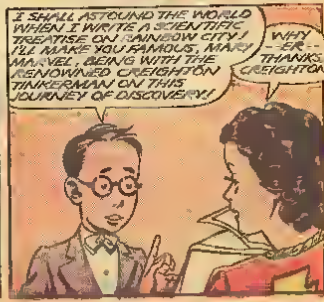

ONCE MORE MARY MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST GIRL, TAKES UP WHERE MARY BATSON LEFT OFF!
WHA--? I LOCKED YOU IN--!
BUT THESE BARS ARE ONLY IRON, MR NIGHT!
?

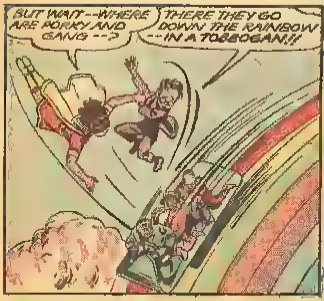
HERE'S A BLACK-OUT FOR YOU, MR NIGHT!

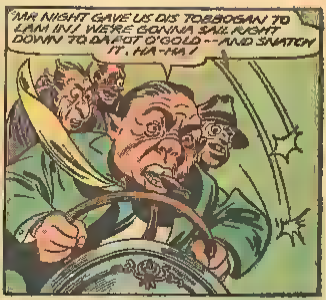

SLIPPED AWAY IN THE DARK! I SHOULDN'T HAVE HIT HIM SO HARD!

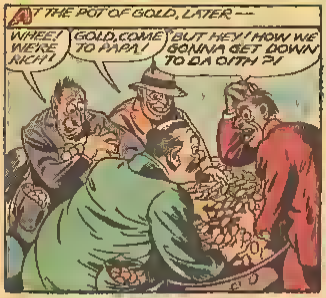

BUT ANYWAY, YOU'RE SAFE, AURORA! I'LL RETURN YOU TO RAINBOW CITY!
I'LL BE JUST IN TIME TO PACK MY DAWN CHARIOT AND BRING THE DAWN TO EARTH!

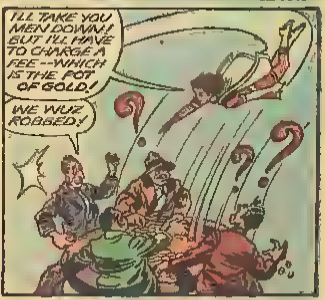

AT RAINBOW CITY, MARY AND CREIGHTON TAKE LEAVE OF THE FRIENDLY SKY SPIRITS!
MANY THANKS, MA...! MARVEL! YOU HAVE DONE AS GREAT A GOOD DEED FOR THE SKY SPIRITS AS YOU EVER DID ON EARTH!
BYE!

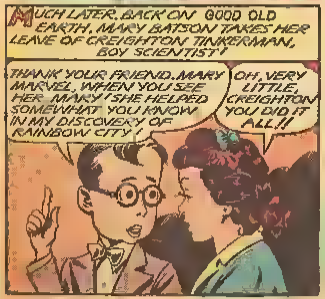

I SHALL ASTOUND THE WORLD WHEN I WRITE A SCIENTIFIC TREATISE ON RAINBOW CITY! I'LL MAKE YOU FAMOUS, MARY MARVEL, BEING WITH THE RENOWNED CREIGHTON TINKERMAN ON THIS JOURNEY OF DISCOVERY!
WHY--ER--THANKS, CREIGHTON.










MUCH LATER, BACK ON GOOD OLD EARTH, MARY BATSON TAKES HER LEAVE OF CREIGHTON TINKERMAN, BOY SCIENTIST!
THANK YOUR FRIEND, MARY MARVEL, WHEN YOU SEE HER AWAY! SHE HELPED SOMEWHAT YOU KNOW, IN MY DISCOVERY OF RAINBOW CITY!
OH, VERY LITTLE, CREIGHTON YOU DID IT ALL!!

BUT THE WORLD HAS DARK ENEMIES FAR BLACKER THAN "MR. NIGHT"--

HITLER AND HIS HENCHMEN!

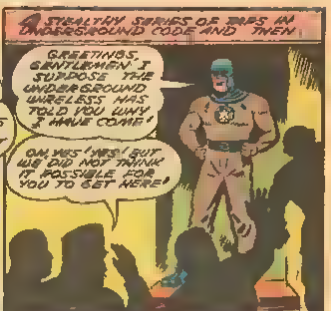
THESE "MR NIGHTS" MENACE YOUR FUTURE! YOU MUST HELP SAFEGUARD THAT FUTURE --

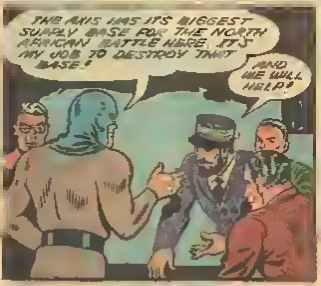
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS!

COMMANDO YANK
and "THE SCHOOLBOY DICTATOR!"
DUE WEST OF ROME LIES AN INSIGNIFICANT ISLAND— CORSICA! UNIMPORTANT IN THE PAST EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT IT GAVE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE TO THE WORLD! TODAY A KEY STRATEGIC SPOT IN THE BATTLE OF NORTH AFRICA, CORSICA FINDS NEW IMPORTANCE AND ADVENTURE WHEN COMMANDO YANK VISITS ITS ROCKY SHORES TO AKE THIS ANTI-STAND CLASH WITH A SECOND NAPOLEON....
AS DARKNESS DROPS OVER THE MEDITERRANEAN— A SILENT STRANGE-CLAD SOLDIER STEALS ASHORE AT CORSICA— COMMANDO YANK!!
SO THIS IS THE ISLAND WHERE NAPOLEON WAS BORN AND BROUGHT UP, EH? WELL, I'M GOING TO SHOW IT MORE ACTION THAN HE DID!

BUT AS COMMANDO YANK SLIPS UP THE JAGGED BEACH
JEEPERS! WHEN I SEED ACTION I DIDN'T MEAN RIGHT NOW!
ATTENZIONE!
ITZA COMMANDO YANK!
I'M NOT THE YANK, BOYS. I'M THE SANDMAN!
Owie!
AND THEN I PUT YOU TO SLEEP. GET IT?
UNNH!!
AND THEN I SHANK YOU FOR SLEEPING ON DUTY!
MALEDIZIONE!
HEEZA KILLIN' ME!
LIGHT'S OUT! THE SHOW'S OVER AND COMMANDO YANK'S TAKING HIS EXIT!
FRANKLY, BOYS, AS SOLDIERS I THINK YOU ITALIANS OUGHT TO STICK TO OPERA SINGING! Ba-Ta!
WE CAN'TA STOPPA HIM!
GEEV THE ALARM!

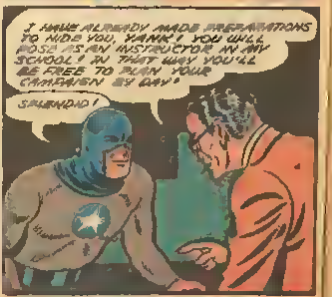
QUIETLY THROUGH THE DARKNESS, COMMANDO YANK SPEEDS TO A SMALL CORSICAN TOWN... VECCHIO!
NOW IF MY INFORMATION WAS CORRECT, THE ITALIAN UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS SHOULD BE IN THE BASEMENT OF THE TOWN HALL!

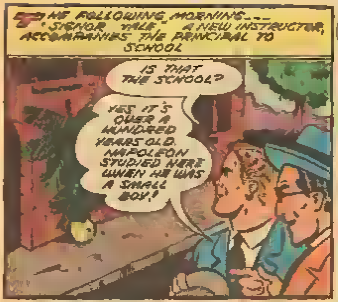

STEALTHY SIGNS OR TAPS IN UNDERGROUND CODE AND THEN
GREETINGS, GENTLEMEN! I SUPPOSE THE UNDERGROUND WIRELESS HAS TOLD YOU WHY I HAVE COME!
OH, YES! YES! BUT WE DID NOT THINK IT POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO GET HERE!

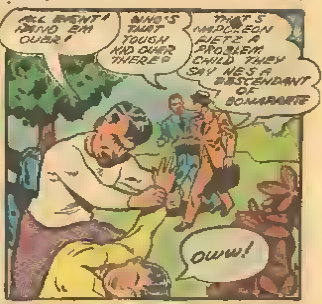

THE AXIS HAS ITS BIGGEST SUPPLY BASE FOR THE NORTH AFRICAN BATTLE AREA! IT'S MY JOB TO DESTROY THAT BASE!
AND WE WILL HELP!

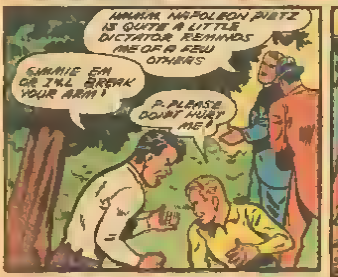
UNFORTUNATELY I WAS SPOTTED WHEN I LANDED THE SOLDIERS ARE LOOKIN' FOR ME AND THAT MAKES THE JOB TOUGH!
NO, YANK! I AM CAPTAIN VARZA OF THE ITALIAN ARMY AND I TELL YOU THE ARMY HATE THE NAZIS AS MUCH AS YOU DO!

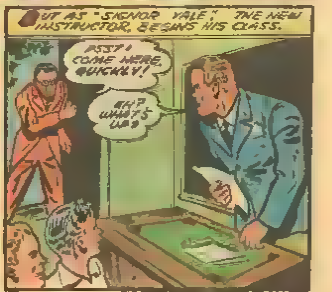
I WILL PASS THE WORD! OUR ARMY WILL NOT LOOK FOR YOU - BUT ... TOO CAREFULLY!


I HAVE ALREADY MADE PREPARATIONS TO HIDE YOU, YANK! YOU WILL POSE AS AN INSTRUCTOR IN MY SCHOOL! IN THAT WAY YOU'LL BE FREE TO PLAN YOUR CAMPAIGN BY DAY!
SALERNO!

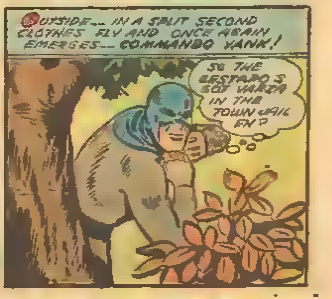

THE FOLLOWING MORNING... 'SIGNOR YALE - A NEW INSTRUCTOR, ACCOMPANIES THE PRINCIPAL TO SCHOOL
IS THAT THE SCHOOL?
YES IT'S OVER A HUNDRED YEARS OLD. NAPOLEON STUDIED HERE WHEN HE WAS A SMALL BOY!

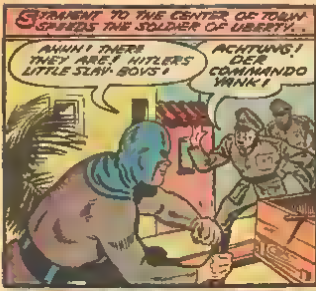

ALL RIGHT! HAND 'EM OVER!
WHO'S THAT TOUGH KID OVER THERE?
THAT'S MADDEON PIETZ A PROBLEM CHILD THEY SAY! HE'S A DESCENDANT OF BONAPARTE
OWW!

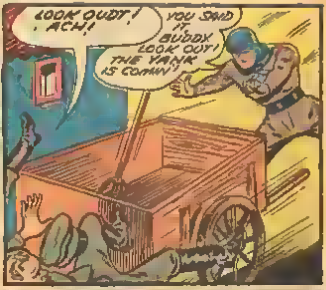

HMMM NAPOLEON PIETZ IS QUITE A LITTLE DICTATOR REMINDS ME OF A FEW OTHERS
SAMMIE 'EM OR I'LL BREAK YOUR ARM!
P. PLEASE DON'T HURT ME!


BUT AS "SIGNOR YALE" THE NEW INSTRUCTOR, BEGINS HIS CLASS.
PSST! COME HERE, QUICKLY!
EH? WHAT'S UP?

SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED! THE NAZI GESTAPO HAS TAKEN OVER HERE! THEY SUSPECT CAPTAIN YANK AND THEY ARE TRYING TO ARREST HIM TALK!
DARN TAKE MY CLASS OVER! I'LL TALK OVER THE GESTAPO!

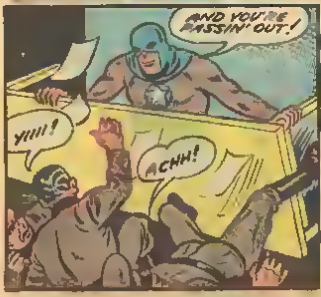

OUTSIDE... IN A SPLIT SECOND CLOTHES FLY AND ONCE AGAIN EMERGES... COMMANDO YANK!
SO THE GESTAPO'S GOT THEM IN THE TOWN JAIL EH?

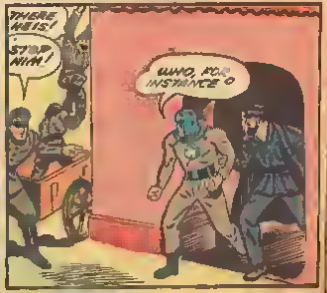

STRAIGHT TO THE CENTER OF TOWN SPEEDS THE SOLDIER OF LIBERTY...
AHHH! THERE THEY ARE! HITLER'S LITTLE SLAV-BOYS!
ACHTUNG! DER COMMANDO YANK!


LOOK OUT! ACH!
YOU SAID IT BUDDY! LOOK OUT! THE YANK IS COMIN'!

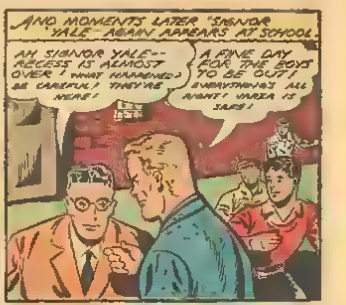
ONE SIDE, BROTHER! YOU GOT A DATE WITH THE HOSPITAL!
AIEEEE!!

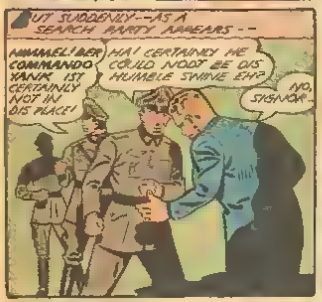
MEANWHILE DOWN FROM THE JAIL-HOUSE ROOF...COMMANDO YANK SMASHES INTO THE ENEMY GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS!
DON'T MIND ME! I'M JUST PASSING THROUGH!
ACH, DER YANK!

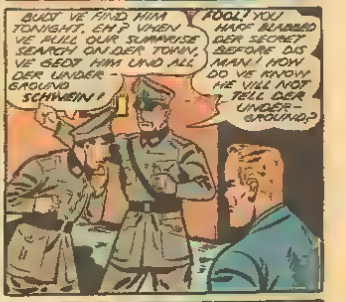

AND YOU'RE PASSIN' OUT!
YIIII!
ACHH!

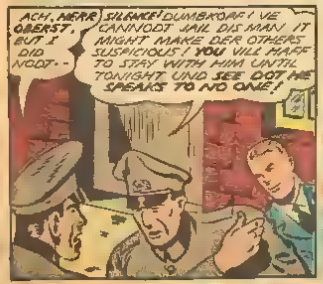

THERE HE IS! STOP HIM!
WHO, FOR INSTANCE?

IN A SECLUDED SPOT--
GOOD WORK, YANK--THEY TRIED TO MAKE ME TALK--BUT I DIDN'T!
VARZA! NOW LISTEN--THE GESTAPO COMMAN IN ARGENTINE I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST! PASS THE WORD THAT THERE'LL BE AN UNDERGROUND MEETING TONIGHT--USUAL PLACE!

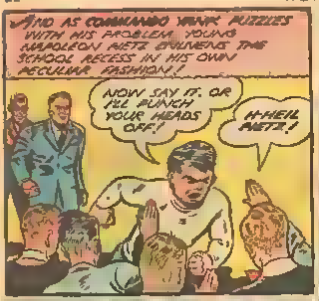

AND MOMENTS LATER "SENIOR" "YALE" AGAIN APPEARS AT SCHOOL.
AH SIGNOR YALE--SUCCESS AT ALMOST OVER! WHAT HAPPENED? BE CAREFUL! THEY'RE HERE!
A FINE DAY FOR THE BOYS TO BE OUT! EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT! VARZA IS SAFE!

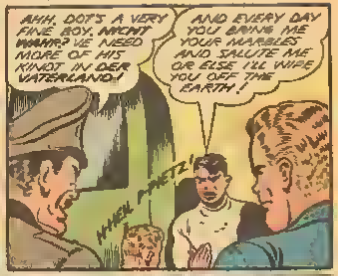

BUT SUDDENLY--AS A SEARCH PARTY APPEARS--
HIMMEL! DER COMMANDO YANK IST CERTAINLY NOT IN DIS PLACE!
HA! CERTAINLY ME COULD NOOT BE DIS HUMBLE SWINE EH?
NO, SIGNOR.


BUOT VE FIND HIM TONIGHT, EH? VEN VE PULL OUR SURPRISE SEARCH ON DER TOWN, VE GEOT HIM UND ALL DER UNDER-GROUND SCHWEIN!
FOOL! YOU HAOF BLABBED DER SECRET BEFORE DIS MAN! HOW DO VE KNOW HE VILL NOT TELL DER UNDER-GROUND?


ACH, HERR OBERST, BUT I COULD NOOT--
SILENCE! DUMBKOPF! VE CANNOOT JAIL DIS MAN! IT MIGHT MAKE DER OTHERS SUSPICIOUS! YOU VILL HAOF TO STAY WITH HIM UNTIL TONIGHT UND SEE DOT HE SPEAKS TO NO ONE!

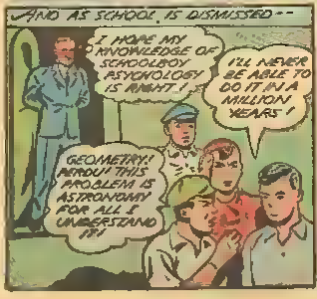
JEEPERS! WHAT A FIX! IF THE UNDERGROUND HOLDS THAT MEETING TONIGHT, THEY'LL ALL BE CAUGHT! I'VE TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO WARN THEM!
I VILL NOT LEOT HIM WARN DE OTHERS, HERR OBERST! HEIL HITLER!

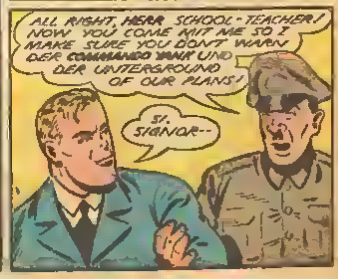

AND AS COMMANDO YANK PUZZLES WITH HIS PROBLEM, YOUNG MARLEON METZ ENTERS THE SCHOOL RECESS IN HIS OWN PECULIAR FASHION!
NOW SAY IT, OR I'LL PUNCH YOUR HEADS OFF!
H-HEIL METZ!


AHH, DOT'S A VERY FINE BOY, MICHT HARR? WE NEED MORE OF HIS KINDT IN DER VATERLAND!
AND EVERY DAY YOU BRING ME YOUR MARBLES AND SALUTE ME OR ELSE I'LL WIPE YOU OFF THE EARTH!
HEIL METZ!

YOU'RE A FINE BOY, METZ! SOME DAY WE'LL TAKE YOU IN OUR ARMY! SO YOU MAKE DER OTHER SCHWEIN GIFF YOU MARBLES, EH?
HOMEWORK! THAT'S THE IDEA I NEED!
YES--AND I MAKE 'EM DO MY HOMEWORK TOO!

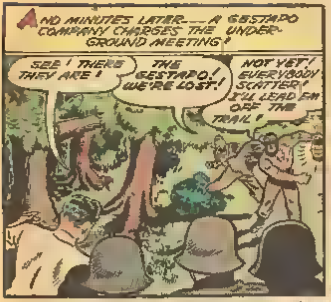
REMEMBER, NO TALKING TO ANY ONE!
I JUST GIVE MY PUPILS THEIR GEOMETRY HOME-WORK!
PROVE THAT: THE CIRCLE REMAIN IS EQUAL TO THE SQUARE TEEM PLUS RAINS TA PLUS THE TRIANGLE KAO
IN THE CLASSROOM, SIGNOR YALE" SETS A DIFFICULT HOMEWORK PROBLEM FOR THE STUDENTS--

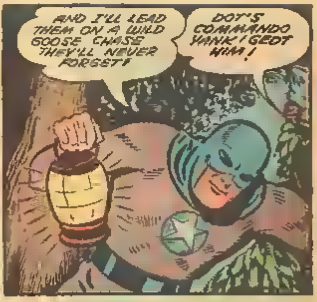

AND AS SCHOOL IS DISMISSED--
I HOPE MY KNOWLEDGE OF SCHOOLBOY PSYCHOLOGY IS RIGHT!
I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO DO IT, IN A MILLION YEARS!
GEOMETRY! ARROW! THIS PROBLEM IS ASTRONOMY FOR ALL I UNDERSTAND IT!

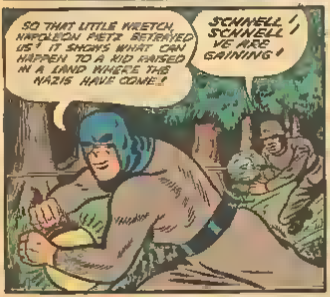

ALL RIGHT, HERR SCHOOL-TEACHER! NOW YOU COME AHT NEE TO I MAKE SURE YOU DON'T WARN DER COMMANDO YANK UND DER UNTERGROUND OF OUR PLANS!
SI, SIGNOR--

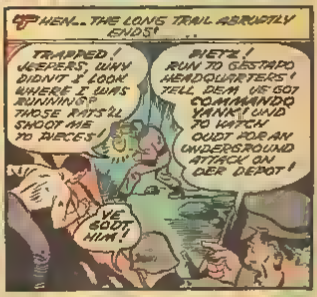
THAT EVENING--AT A STUDENT'S HOME--
MAMA! YOU MUST HELP ME WITH THIS GEOMETRY PROBLEM! I CAN'T DO IT!
ALL RIGHT, MY BOY! LET'S SEE IT!
BUT THIS IS NOT POSSIBLE! ER--LET ME EXAMINE IT ALONE FOR A MINUTE, MY BOY!
THIS IS A NAZI SWASTIKA!-- AND THE LETTERS REVERSED FORM A MESSAGE! IT MUST BE A WARNING FROM COMMANDO YANK! I MUST TELL THE OTHERS!
PROVE THAT THE CIRCLE K1 SHALL BE EQUAL TO THE SQUARE ELEMENT PLUS THE TRIANGLE SCALE
AND ALL THROUGH VECCHIO--AS YOUNGSTERS ASK HELP WITH THEIR HOMEWORK--
AND AT THE SAME MOMENT--
NOW YOU MAY GO FREE-- SCHWEIN! YOU HAVE HAD NO CHANCE TO WARN THE OTHERS, AND IT IS TOO LATE NOW. I JOIN OUR COMPANY TO BEGIN THE SEARCH!
GRAZIA, SIGNOR!

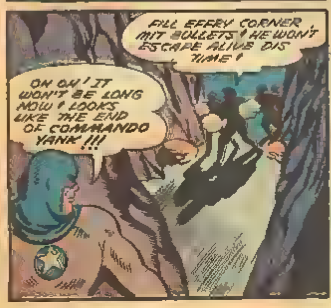
ONCE AGAIN COMMANDO YANK DONS HIS FIGHTING UNIFORM--
I COULDN'T SLUG THAT NAZI BEFORE! IT WOULD HAVE JEOPARDIZED THE SCHOOL AND THE PRINCIPAL! BUT NOW--
AND AT THE FRIGHTENED UNDERGROUND MEETING--
I'M GLAD I WAS ABLE TO GET THAT MESSAGE THROUGH, NOW LISTEN-- WITH THE GESTAPO RAMPS OVER THIS TOWN, THE JOB'S BECOME VERY DIFFICULT!
BUT WHAT ARE WE TO DO, YANK?
WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE SOME WAY OF GETTING THE GESTAPO OUT OF THE WAY LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET INTO THAT SUPPLY DEPOT!
BUT ALSO ATTENDING THE SECRET MEETING IS YOUNG NAPOLEON PIETZ!!
I KNEW I'D FIND OUT SOMETHING FUNNY IF I FOLLOWED MY FATHER! SO THIS IS THE UNDERGROUND MEETING!
I'LL BET THOSE GERMAN SOLDIERS WILL GIVE ME A BIG REWARD WHEN I TELL THEM WHERE THEY CAN CATCH THE UNDERGROUND AND COMMANDO YANK!
SO I CAN SHOW YOU WHERE TO FIND THE MEN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR!
ACHTUNG! EVERYBODY FOLLOW US! LEAVE ONLY HALF GUARD AT DER DEPOT!
AT GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS---

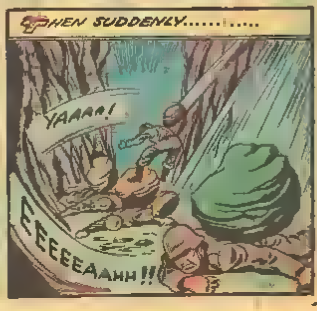

AND MINUTES LATER—A GESTAPO COMPANY CHARGES THE UNDERGROUND MEETING!
SEE! THERE THEY ARE!
THE GESTAPO! WE'RE LOST!
NOT YET! EVERYBODY SCATTER! I'LL LEAD 'EM OFF THE TRAIL!


AND I'LL LEAD THEM ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE THEY'LL NEVER FORGET!
DOT'S COMMANDO YANK! I GOT HIM!

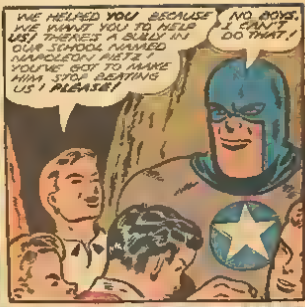

SO THAT LITTLE WRETCH, NAPOLEON PIETZ BETRAYED US! IT SHOWS WHAT CAN HAPPEN TO A KID RAISED IN A LAND WHERE THE NAZIS HAVE COME!
SCHNELL! SCHNELL! WE ARE GAINING!


THEN... THE LONG TRAIL ABRUPTLY ENDS!
TRAPPED! JEEPERS, WHY DIDN'T I LOOK WHERE I WAS RUNNING? THOSE RATS'LL SHOOT ME TO PIECES!
PIETZ! RUN TO GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS! TELL DEM WE GOT COMMANDO YANK! WID TO WATCH OUDT FOR AN UNDERGROUND ATTACK ON DER DEPOT!
I'VE GOT HIM!


FILL EFFRY CORNER MIT BULLETS! HE WON'T ESCAPE ALIVE DIS TIME!
OH OH! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! LOOKS LIKE THE END OF COMMANDO YANK!!!

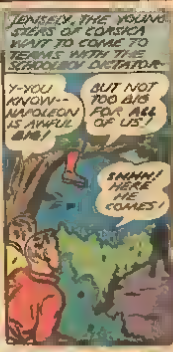

THEN SUDDENLY.....!.....
YAAAA!
EEEEEAAHH!!

AND THE CORSICAN KIDS CROWD AROUND COMMANDO YANK!
IT'S US, COMMANDO YANK!
WE TRIED TO HELP YOU!
TRIED? YOU A TTLE HEROES SAVED ME! YOU'VE JUST WARPED OUT HALF THE GESTAPO REGIMENT!

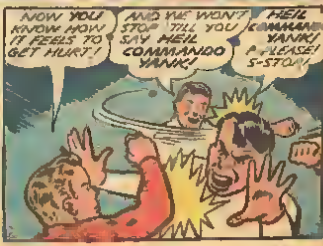

WE HELPED YOU BECAUSE WE WANT YOU TO HELP US! THERE'S A BULLY IN OUR SCHOOL NAMED NAPOLEON! HE'S YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM STOP BEATING US! PLEASE!
NO, BOYS. I CAN'T DO THAT!

YOU'VE GOT TO FIGHT YOUR OWN ENEMIES YOURSELVES, AND YOU CAN BEAT THE BIGGEST BULLY IN THE WORLD IF YOU'LL DO IT TOGETHER!
YES? SAY--- MAYBE WE COULD DO IT--- TOGETHER!

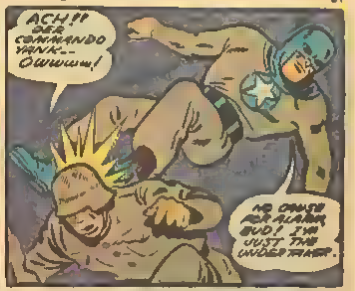
AND IF YOU'LL STOP HEITZ FROM BETRAYING ME TO THE GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS NOW--YOU'LL BE DOING YOUR COUNTRY A SERVICE TOO!
WE'LL DO IT! YOU JUST WAIT AND SEE!
COME ON! I KNOW A SHORT CUT!

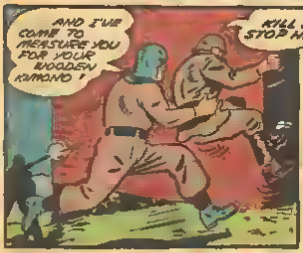

JENISELY, THE YOUNG STARS OF CORSICA WANT TO COME TO TERMS WITH THE STRATOLEON DICTATOR.
Y-YOU KNOW--NAPOLEON IS AWFUL MAD!
BUT NOT TOO BIG FOR ALL OF US!
SHHH! HERE HE COMES!

LET'S GET HIM!

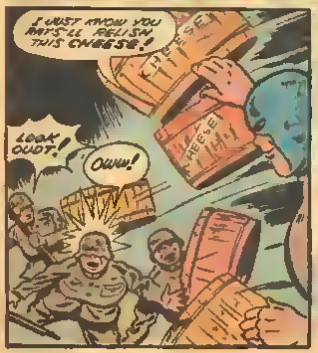

NOW YOU KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO GET HURT!
AND WE WON'T STOP TILL YOU SAY HEIL COMMANDO YANK!
HEIL COMMANDO YANK! PLEASE! S-STOP!

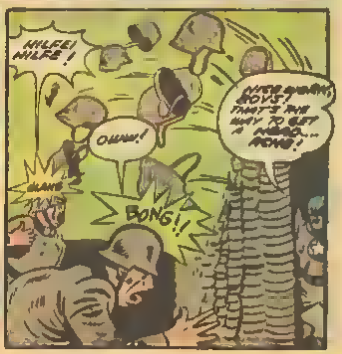
Meanwhile... at the vast Axis supply depot.
If those kids can prevent Dante from giving the alarm and with half the Gestapo out of the way THIS is the chance I've been waiting for!

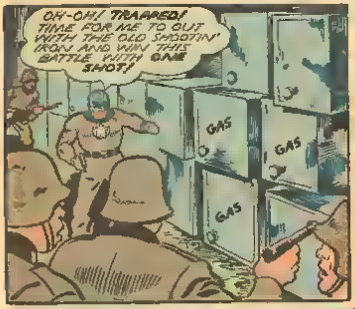

ACH!! Der commando Yank--- Owuuuuu!
No owner for alarm bud! I'm just the undertaker.

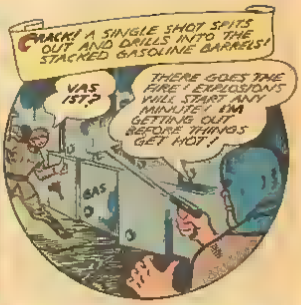

And I've come to measure you for your wooden kimono!
Kill him! Stop him!!

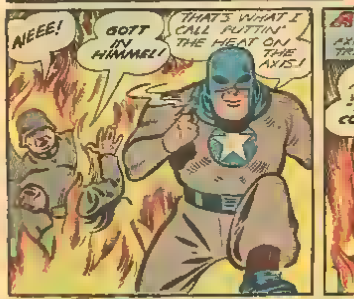
Last stop! All our fighting if you can't see the white man's burden forever!
Ach! Himmel!


I just know you boys'll relish this cheese!
CHEESE
Look out!
Owuu!

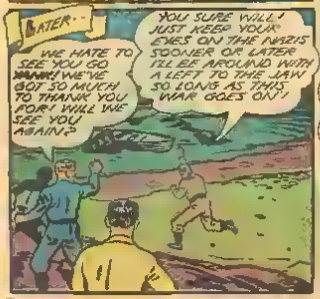

Help! Help!
Owuu!
Alarm
Bong!!
Here comes boys! That's the way to get a head... bong!

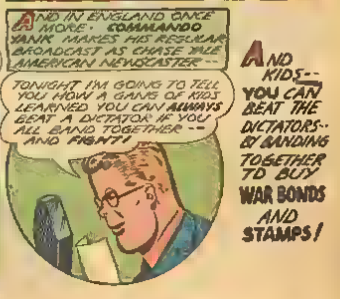



CRACK! A SINGLE SHOT SPITS OUT AND DRILLS INTO THE STACKED GASOLINE BARRELS!
VAS IST?
THERE GOES THE FIRE! EXPLOSIONS WILL START ANY MINUTE! I'M GETTING OUT BEFORE THINGS GET HOT!
GAS

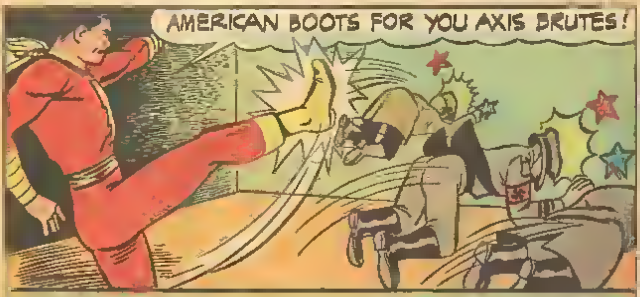


AND SO MORE OF RAGING, MOLTEN FLAME SPELLING DOOM FOR THE AXIS IS COMMANDO YANK'S TRIUMPHANT BONFIRE!
WELL THAT'S THAT! AS THE R.A.F. BOYS WOULD PUT IT--"MISSION COMPLETED!"


LATER--
WE HATE TO SEE YOU GO, YANK! WE'VE GOT SO MUCH TO THANK YOU FOR! WILL WE SEE YOU AGAIN?
YOU SURE WILL! JUST KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE NAZIS SOONER OR LATER I'LL BE AROUND WITH A LEFT TO THE JAW! SO LONG AS THIS WAR GOES ON!


AND IN ENGLAND ONCE MORE, COMMANDO YANK MAKES HIS REGULAR BROADCAST AS CHASE DALE AMERICAN NEWSCASTER--
TONIGHT I'M GOING TO TELL YOU HOW A GANG OF KIDS LEARNED YOU CAN ALWAYS BEAT A DICTATOR IF YOU ALL BAND TOGETHER--AND FIGHT!

AND KIDS--YOU CAN BEAT THE DICTATORS--BY BANDING TOGETHER TO BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!



CAPT. MARVEL SAYS:

KICK THE AXIS WHERE IT HURTS!

BUY BONDS *STEADILY*... NOT IN SPURTS!

★★★★

KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

★★★★

YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT—NOW DO YOUR BEST!

WOW COMICS

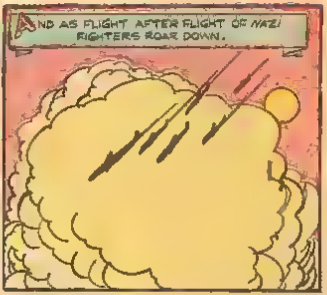
THE PHANTOM EAGLE

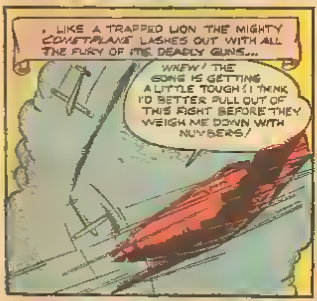
HAS PHANTOM EAGLE LOST HIS NERVE?
HOW GOOD IS A MAN? HOW BRAVE? HOW BOLD? YOU CAN'T MEASURE THOSE QUALITIES WITH A YARDSTICK! YOU CAN ONLY ADD THEM UP AND CALL THEM--- NERVE! A MAN'S AS GOOD AS HIS NERVE! NERVE CAN TURN MICKEY MALONE INTO THE GALLANT PHANTOM EAGLE, DREADED ENEMY OF THE AXIS! NERVE ALONE TURNS A SLENDER BOY... "TOO YOUNG TO FIGHT"--- INTO AMERICA'S MOST COURAGEOUS HERO! BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE PHANTOM EAGLE LOSES HIS NERVE???
OVER THE WHITE HOT DESERT OF TUNISIA, A

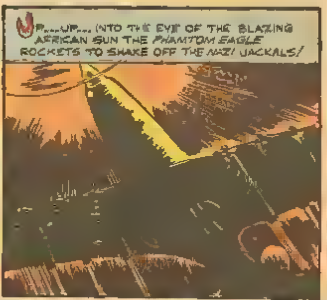
THE PHANTOM
HOW GOOD IS A MAN? HOW BRAVE? HOW BOLD? YOU CAN'T MEASURE "THOSE QUALITIES" WITH A YARD-STICK YOU CAN ONLY ADD THEM UP AND CALL "HIM—NERVE! A MAN'S AS GOOD AS HIS NERVE! NERVE CAN "TURN MICKEY MALONE INTO THE GALLANT PHANTOM EAGLE, DREADED ENEMY OF THE AXIS! NERVE ALONE TURNS A SLENDER BOY— TOO YOUNG TO FIGHT"—INTO AMERICA'S MOST COURAGEOUS HERO! BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE PHANTOM EAGLE LOSES HIS NERVE???

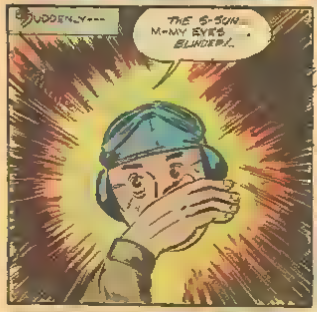
TOM EAGLE
HAS PHANTOM EAGLE LOST HIS NERVE?
OVER THE WHITE HOT DESERT OF TUNISIA A FIERCE BATTLE RAGES UNDER THE BLAZING SUN

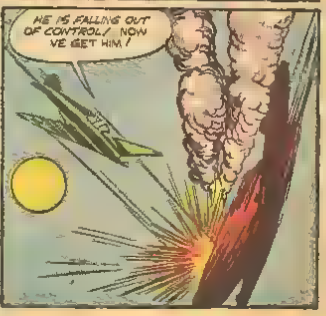
ACHTUNG! ALL LUFTWAFFE PILOTS! VE HAFF CONTACTED DER PHANTOM EAGLE UND HE MUST NOT ESCAPE!.. VE HAFF HIM OUTNUMBERED 20-1 BUT NEED RE-ENFORCEMENTS!

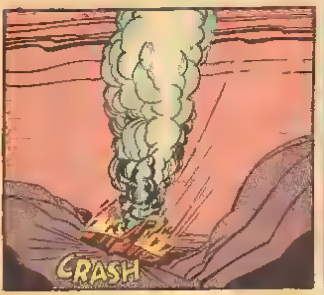

AND AS FLIGHT AFTER FLIGHT OF NAZI FIGHTERS ROAR DOWN.

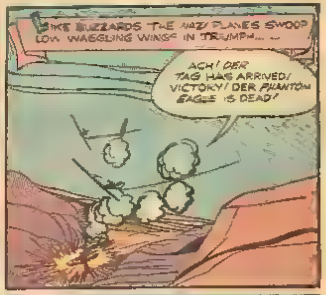

, LIKE A TRAPPED LION THE MIGHTY COMETPLANE LASHES OUT WITH ALL THE FURY OF ITS DEADLY GUNS...
WHEW! THE GOING IS GETTING A LITTLE TOUGH! I THINK I'D BETTER PULL OUT OF THIS FIGHT BEFORE THEY WEIGH ME DOWN WITH NUMBERS!


UP...UP... INTO THE EYE OF THE BLAZING AFRICAN SUN THE PHANTOM EAGLE ROCKETS TO SHAKE OFF THE NAZI JACKALS!

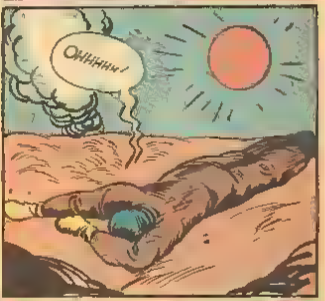

SUDDENLY---
THE S-SUN... M-MY EYES... BLINDED!..

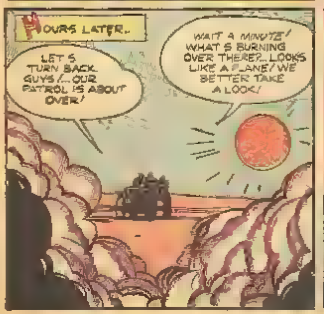

HE IS FALLING OUT OF CONTROL! NOW VE GET HIM!

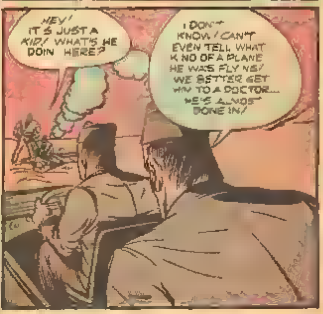

CRASH

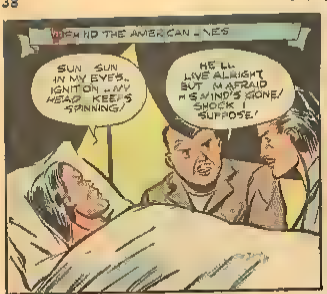

LIKE BLIZZARDS THE NAZI PLANES SWOOP LOW, WAGGLING WINGS IN TRIUMPH!...
ACH! DER TAG HAS ARRIVED! VICTORY! DER PHANTOM EAGLE IS DEAD!

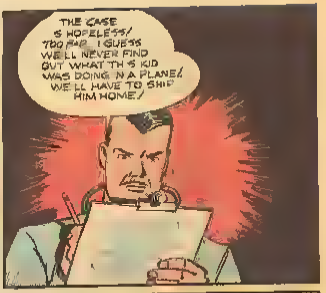
BUT AS THE DRONING ENGINES FADE INTO THE DISTANCE A BLACKENED FIGURE STAGGERS FROM THE ROARING INFERNO...
S-STILL BLINDED... C-COULDN'T CUT OFF THE IGNITION IN T-TIME! M-MY HEAD!.. K-KEEPS SPINNING AND..

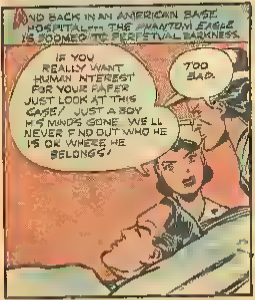

OHHHHH!

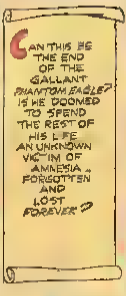

HOURS LATER..
LET'S TURN BACK, GUYS!.. OUR PATROL IS ABOUT OVER!
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S BURNING OVER THERE!.. LOOKS LIKE A PLANE! WE BETTER TAKE A LOOK!

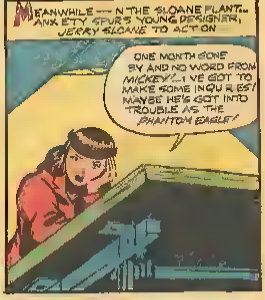

HEY! IT'S JUST A KID! WHAT'S HE DOIN HERE?
I DON'T KNOW! I CAN'T EVEN TELL WHAT K-NO OF A PLANE HE WAS FLYING! WE BETTER GET HIM TO A DOCTOR... HE'S ALMOST DONE IN!

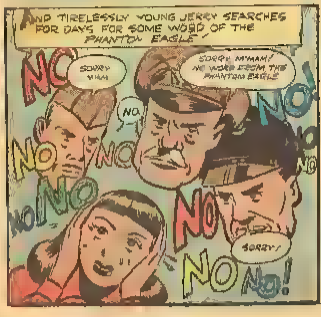

BEHIND THE AMERICAN LINES
SUN... SUN IN MY EYES... IGNITION... MY HEAD... HEEL'S SPINNING!
HE'LL LIVE ALRIGHT BUT I'M AFRAID HIS MIND'S GONE! SHOCK I SUPPOSE!

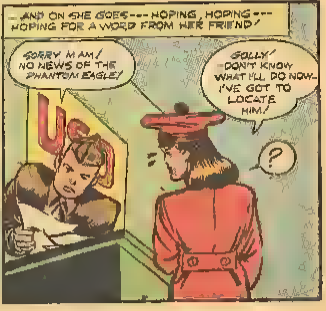

THE CASE IS HOPELESS! TOO BAD, I GUESS WE'LL NEVER FIND OUT WHAT THIS KID WAS DOING IN A PLANE! WE'LL HAVE TO SHIP HIM HOME!

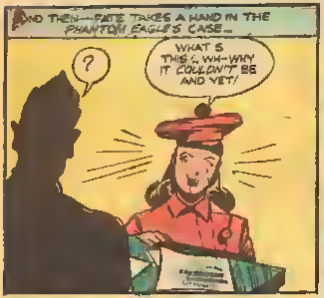

AND BACK IN AN AMERICAN BASE HOSPITAL... THE PHANTOM EAGLE IS DOOMED TO PERPETUAL DARKNESS
IF YOU REALLY WANT HUMAN INTEREST FOR YOUR PAPER JUST LOOK AT THIS CASE! JUST A BOY WHOSE MINDS GONE. WE'LL NEVER FIND OUT WHO HE IS OR WHERE HE BELONGS!
TOO BAD.

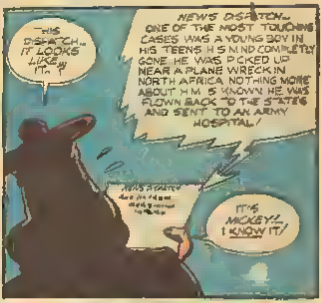

CAN THIS BE THE END OF THE GALLANT PHANTOM EAGLE? IS HE DOOMED TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE AN UNKNOWN VICTIM OF AMNESIA... FORGOTTEN AND LOST FOREVER?

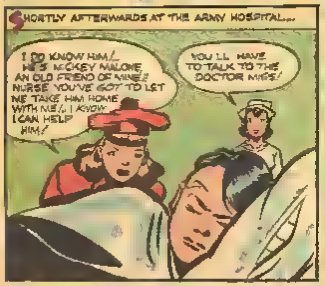

MEANWHILE — IN THE SLOANE PLANT... ANXIETY SPURS YOUNG DESIGNER, JERRY SLOANE TO ACTION
ONE MONTH GONE SIX AND NO WORD FROM MICKEY!... I'VE GOT TO MAKE SOME INQUIRIES! MAYBE HE'S GOT INTO TROUBLE AS THE PHANTOM EAGLE!

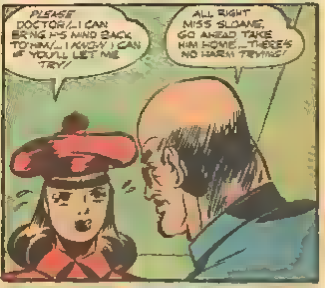

AND TIRELESSLY YOUNG JERRY SEARCHES FOR DAYS FOR SOME WORD OF THE PHANTOM EAGLE!
SORRY MA'AM
SORRY, MA'AM! NO WORD FROM THE PHANTOM EAGLE
NO
NO
NO
NO
NO
NO
NO
NO
NO
NO
NO
NO
SORRY!
NO
NO!

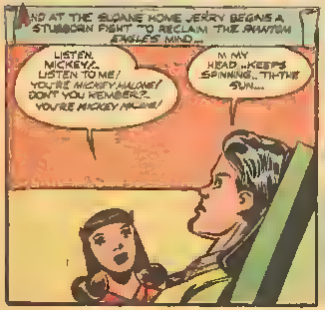

— AND ON SHE GOES — HOPING, HOPING — HOPING FOR A WORD FROM HER FRIEND!
SORRY MA'AM! NO NEWS OF THE PHANTOM EAGLE!
SOLLY! DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO NOW... I'VE GOT TO LOCATE HIM!
US
?

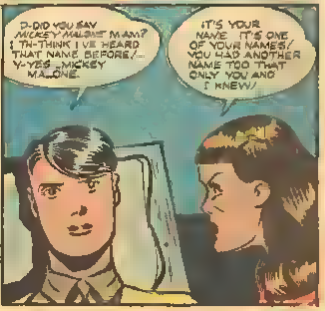

AND THEN—FATE TAKES A HAND IN THE PHANTOM EAGLE'S CASE...
?
WHAT'S THIS?.. WH-WHY IT COULDN'T BE AND YET!

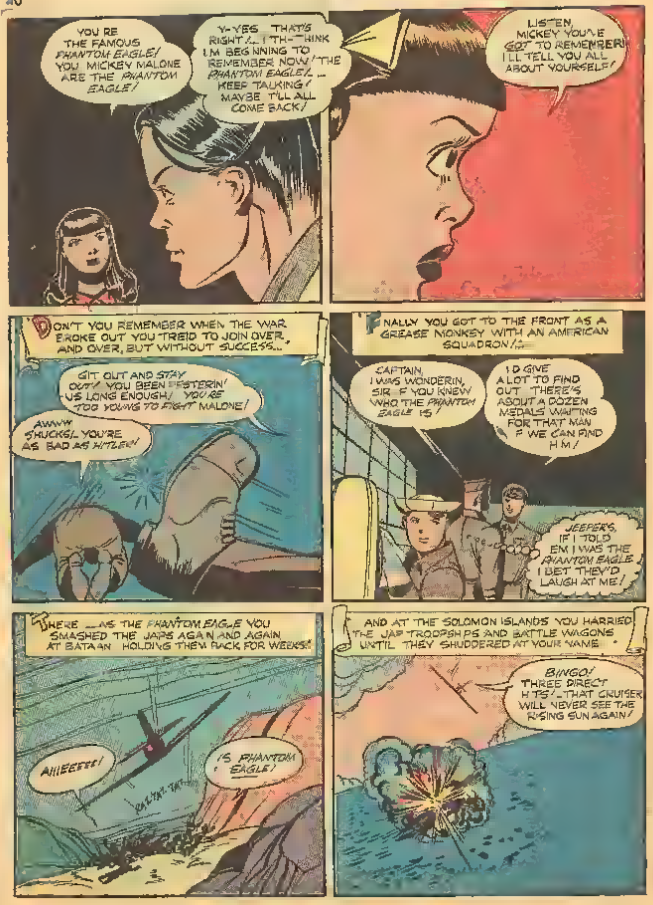

THIS DISPATCH... IT LOOKS LIKE IT!
NEWS DISPATCH... ONE OF THE MOST TOUCHING CASES WAS A YOUNG BOY IN HIS TEENS WHO MIND COMPLETELY GONE. HE WAS PICKED UP NEAR A PLANE WRECK IN NORTH AFRICA. NOTHING MORE ABOUT HIM IS KNOWN. HE WAS FLOWN BACK TO THE STATES AND SENT TO AN ARMY HOSPITAL!
IT'S MICKEY!.. I KNOW IT!

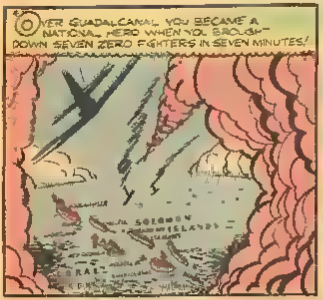

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS AT THE ARMY HOSPITAL...
I DO KNOW HIM!.. HE'S MICKEY MALONE, AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE! NURSE YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME TAKE HIM HOME WITH ME!.. I KNOW I CAN HELP HIM!
YOU'LL HAVE TO TALK TO THE DOCTOR MISS!

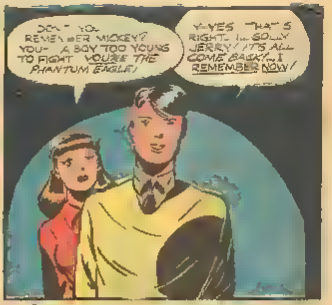

PLEASE DOCTOR!.. I CAN BRING HIS MIND BACK TO HIM!.. I KNOW I CAN IF YOU'LL LET ME TRY!
ALL RIGHT MISS SLOANE, GO AHEAD TAKE HIM HOME...THERE'S NO HARM TRYING!


AND AT THE SLOANE HOME JERRY BEGINS A STUBBORN FIGHT TO RECLAIM THE PHANTOM EAGLE'S MIND...
LISTEN, MICKEY!.. LISTEN TO ME! YOU'RE MICKEY MALONE! DON'T YOU REMEMBER? YOU'RE MICKEY MALONE!
M-MY HEAD..KEEPS SPINNING...TH-THE SUN...

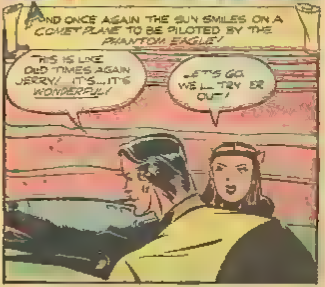

D-DID YOU SAY MICKEY MALONE MAM? I TH-THINK I'VE HEARD THAT NAME BEFORE!.. Y-YES!..MICKEY MALONE!
IT'S YOUR NAME IT'S ONE OF YOUR NAMES! YOU HAD ANOTHER NAME TOO THAT ONLY YOU AND I KNEW!

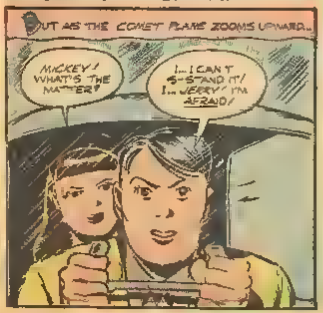

YOU RE THE FAMOUS PHANTOM EAGLE! YOU MICKEY MALONE ARE THE PHANTOM EAGLE!
Y-YES THAT'S RIGHT... I TH-THINK I M BEG'NNING TO REMEMBER NOW! "THE PHANTOM EAGLE!... KEEP TALKING! MAYBE T'LL ALL COME BACK!
LISTEN, MICKEY YOU'VE GOT TO REMEMBER!! I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT YOURSELF!
DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHEN THE WAR BROKE OUT? YOU TRIED TO JOIN OVER, AND OVER, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS...
GIT OUT AND STAY OUTA YOU BEEN PESTERIN' US LONG ENOUGH! YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO FIGHT MALONE!
AWWW SHUCKS! YOU'RE AS BAD AS HITLER!
FINALLY YOU GOT TO THE FRONT AS A GREASE MONKEY WITH AN AMERICAN SQUADRON!...
CAPTAIN, I WAS WONDERIN, SIR, IF YOU KNEW WHO THE PHANTOM EAGLE IS?
I'D GIVE A LOT TO FIND OUT. THERE'S ABOUT A DOZEN MEDALS WAITING FOR THAT MAN IF WE CAN FIND HIM!
JEEPERS, IF I TOLD 'EM I WAS THE PHANTOM EAGLE I BET THEY'D LAUGH AT ME!
THERE ... AS THE PHANTOM EAGLE YOU SMASHED THE JAPS AGAIN AND AGAIN AT BATAAN HOLDING THEM BACK FOR WEEKS!
AND AT THE SOLOMON ISLANDS YOU HARRIED THE JAP TROOPSHIPS AND BATTLE WAGONS UNTIL THEY SHUDDERED AT YOUR NAME.
AIIEEEEE!
KA-TA-TA-TA!
(S PHANTOM EAGLE)
BINGO! THREE DIRECT HITS! THAT CRUISER WILL NEVER SEE THE RISING SUN AGAIN!

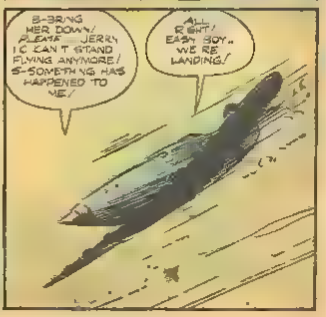

OVER GUADALCANAL YOU BECAME A NATIONAL HERO WHEN YOU SHOT DOWN SEVEN ZERO FIGHTERS IN SEVEN MINUTES!
SOLOMON ISLANDS


DON'T YOU REMEMBER MICKEY? YOU'RE A BOY TOO YOUNG TO FIGHT ... YOU'RE THE PHANTOM EAGLE!
YES ... THAT'S RIGHT! I'm SORRY JERRY! IT'S ALL COME BACK! I REMEMBER NOW!

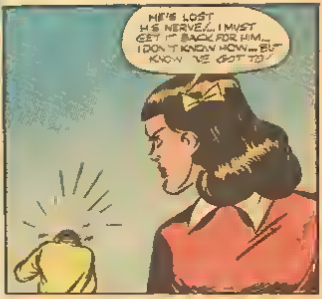
THAT'S WONDERFUL MICKEY! COME ON! WHILE YOU WERE GONE I DESIGNED A NEW COMET PLANE! LET'S CELEBRATE BY TRYING IT OUT!
OVERJOYED THE TWO RUSH DOWN TO THE FLYING FIELD ... WHERE ..

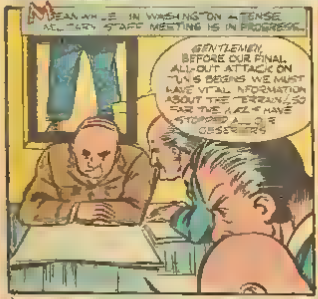

AND ONCE AGAIN THE SUN SMILES ON A COMET PLANE TO BE PILOTED BY THE PHANTOM EAGLE!
THIS IS LIKE OLD TIMES AGAIN JERRY! IT'S ... IT'S WONDERFUL!
LET'S GO! WE'LL TRY IT OUT!


BUT AS THE COMET PLANE ZOOMS UPWARD ..
MICKEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I ... I CAN'T S-STAND IT! I'm WEARY! I'm AFRAID!

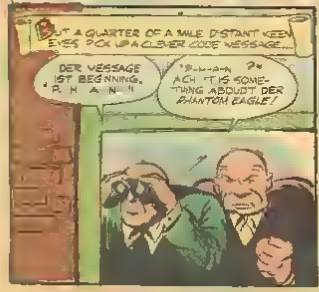

B-BRING HER DOWN! PLEASE JERRY! I C CAN'T STAND FLYING ANYMORE! S-SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO ME!
ALL RIGHT! EASY BOY .. WE'RE LANDING!

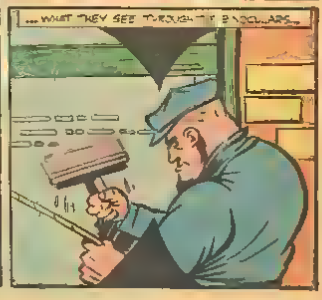
THE GREAT PLANE GLIDES TO A LANDING AND A STRICKEN BOY STAGGERS OUT...
I'M SICK GEARY... I HAVEN'T THE COURAGE ANY MORE JERRY! YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND!
SURE I UNDERSTAND


HE'S LOST HIS NERVE!... I MUST GET IT BACK FOR HIM... I DON'T KNOW HOW... BUT KNOW WE GOT TO!


MEANWHILE IN WASHINGTON A TENSE ALL-DAY STAFF MEETING IS IN PROGRESS...
GENTLEMEN, BEFORE OUR FINAL ALL-OUT ATTACK ON TUNIS BEGINS WE MUST HAVE VITAL INFORMATION ABOUT THE TERRAIN... SO FAR THE ALLIES HAVE STOPPED AT THE COAST!

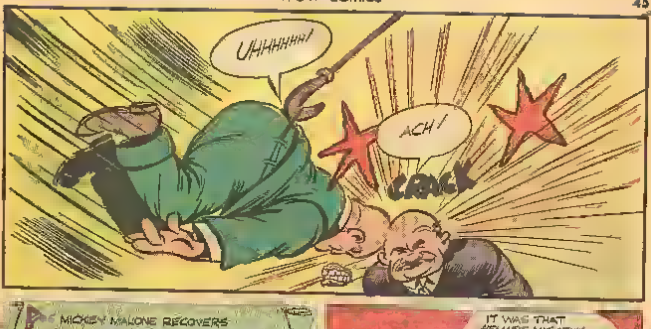
ONE MAN ALREADY HAS THE INFORMATION... THE PHANTOM EAGLE... WE MUST LOCATE HIM BEFORE THE ATTACK... HIS DATA MAY MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SUCCESS AND FAILURE!
?!

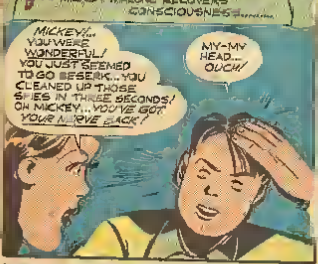

BUT A QUARTER OF A MILE DISTANT KEEN EYES PICK UP A CLEVER CODE MESSAGE...
DER MESSAGE IST BEGINNING. P. H. A. N.
'P-H-AH' ACH! 'TIS SOMETHING ABOUDT DER PHANTOM EAGLE!

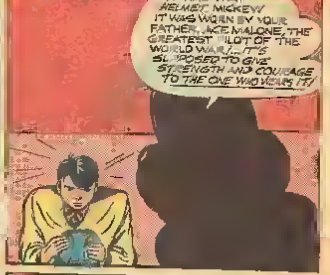

... WHAT THEY SEE THROUGH THE BINOCULARS...

HERE IS DER WHOLE MESSAGE... PHANTOM EAGLE HAS DATA VITAL TO ALLIED ARMY IN TUNISIA. STOP HIM AT ALL COSTS!
BUT I THOUGHT BERLIN REPORTED HIM KILLED?
THEY MUST HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN!
AH-HA... DOESN'T THE PHANTOM EAGLE FLY A COMET PLANE? I HAVE HAD NEWS DOT A NEW COMET PLANE WAS FLYING OVER A FACTORY UP NORTH!
THAT CAN ONLY MEAN HE WAS TESTING IT OUT! COME, VE MUST GO TO DER FACTORY AT ONCE!
THAT NIGHT A TRIO OF GRIM VANDALS ENTER THE CLOSELY GUARDED SLOANE FACTORY...
SHHHH! HERE IS DER OPEN WINDOW!
SO MUCH FOR DIS AMERICAN TOOL OF DER DECADENT DEMOCRACY!
AH... GOOD WORK, HEINRICH! COME VE MUST BE QUICK!
DIS IS DER MACHINE ROOM!
JA! AFTER VE KILL DER PHANTOM EAGLE VE SMASH DER PLACE E...!
MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE PLANT...
I'VE BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT MICKEY,...
A FLYING HELMET! IT'S NOUSE JERRY I'LL NEVER... WHAT'S THAT?

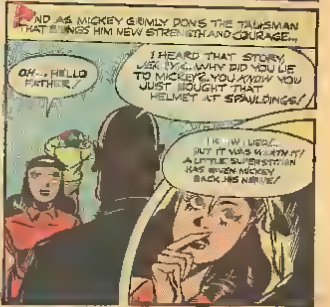
QUICK—WE MAKE DEM TELL US WHERE DER PHANTOM EAGLE IS!
NAZI'S—JERRY, WHAT'LL I DO? I HAVEN'T—THE NERVE TO FACE THEM!
GO AHEAD AND FIGHT MICKEY—YOU SAY YOU MUST
I'LL GIVE YOU A START!
HEY!
ACH! LOOK OUT!
BUT AS MICKEY STUMBLES FORWARD HIS HEAD SMASHES INTO THE MACHINERY SWITCHBOARD...
OOOOOOO...
GLORY BE—HE'S STARTED THE PLANT AND KNOCKED HIMSELF COLD!
CRACK
CRACK
AND AS THE GREAT PLANT ROARS INTO ACTION!
WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN—WILLIE
BZZZZZZZ
OWWWW!
HOW—I SIDESTEPPED JUST IN TIME, OR THAT CRANE WOULD GOTTEN ME!—
BOTTOMS UP!
ACH! WAS IST'S!?

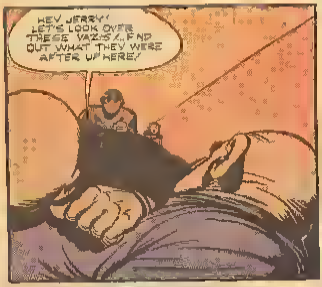

UHHHHHH!
ACH!
CRACK

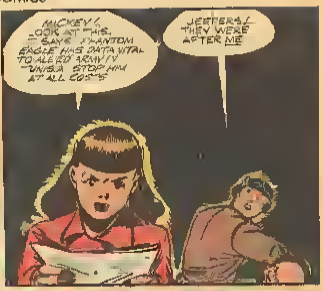

MICKEY MALONE RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS...
MICKEY!!... YOU WERE WONDERFUL! YOU JUST SEEMED TO GO BESERK... YOU CLEANED UP THOSE SPIES IN THREE SECONDS! OH MICKEY... YOU'VE GOT YOUR NERVE BACK!
MY-MY HEAD... OUCH!

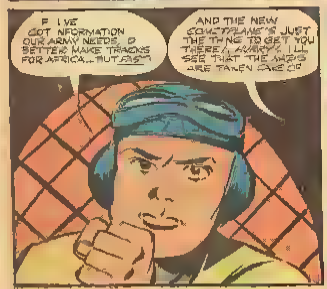

IT WAS THAT HELMET MICKEY! IT WAS WORN BY YOUR FATHER, ACE MALONE, THE GREATEST PILOT OF THE WORLD WAR I... IT'S ALL SAID TO GIVE STRENGTH AND COURAGE TO THE ONE WHO WEARS IT!

I NEVER BELEIVED THAT MYTH, BUT NOW I KNOW IT'S TRUE!
STRENGTH AND COURAGE! GOLLY JERRY AFTER WHAT I DID TO THOSE NAZIS, I BELEIVE YOU, THIS HELMET'S GIVEN ME BACK MY NERVE!... I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING ANYMORE!

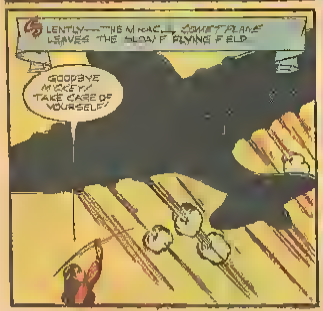

AND AS MICKEY GRIMLY DONS THE TALISMAN THAT BRINGS HIM NEW STRENGTH AND COURAGE...
OH... HELLO FATHER,
I HEARD THAT STORY LESLIE, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT! A LITTLE SUPERSTITION HAS WHEN MICKEY BACK HIS NERVE!

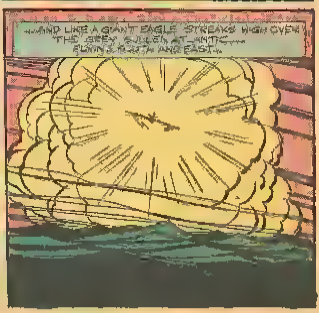

HEY JERRY! LET'S LOOK OVER THESE YAZIS! FIND OUT WHAT THEY WERE AFTER UP HERE!

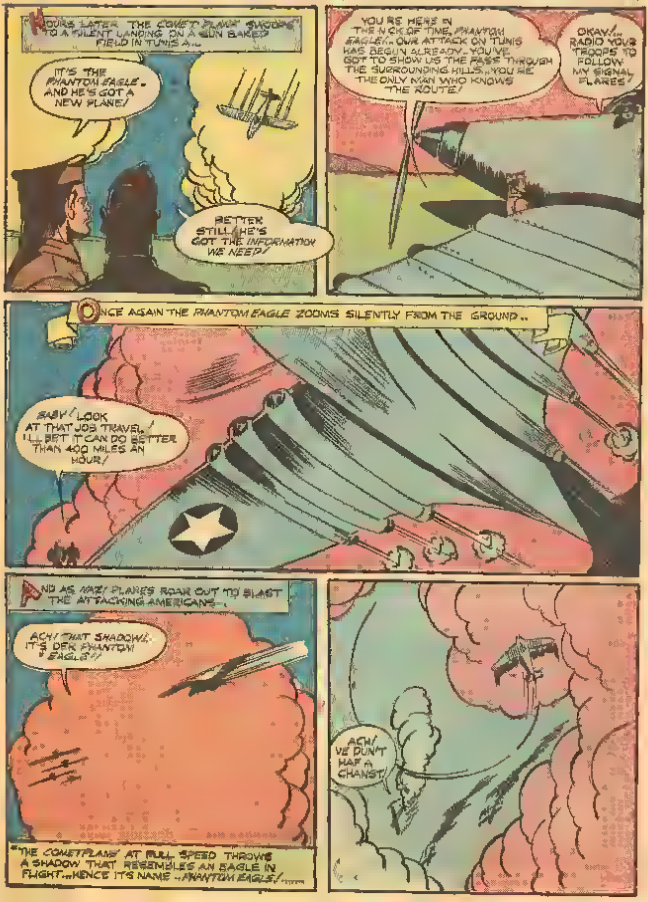

MICKEY! LOOK AT THIS. SAY! A PHANTOM EAGLE HAS DATA VITAL TO ALLIED ARMY! "UNISA STOP HIM AT ALL COSTS!"
JEEPERS! THEY WERE AFTER ME!


I'VE GOT INFORMATION OUR ARMY NEEDS. I'D BETTER MAKE TRACKS FOR AFRICA... BUT FAST!
AND THE NEW COMET PLANE'S JUST THE THING TO GET YOU THERE! ALWAYS! I'LL SEE THAT THE YANKS ARE TAKEN CARE OF!

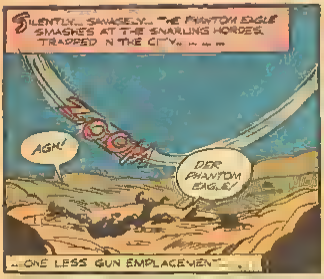
IT'S ALL COMPLETELY NEW DESIGN! DEAD SILENT ROCKET MOTORS! ARMORED WITH 3 INCH STEEL! MOUNTS SIX MACHINE GUNS AND THREE AERIAL BOMB CANNONS!
AND THE PHANTOM EAGLE'LL BE USING ALL OF THEM! WHILE I'M WEARING THIS HELMET!

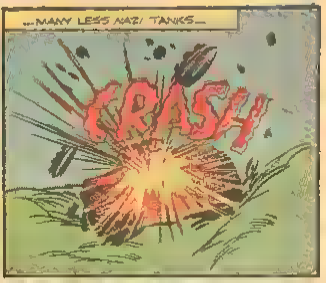

SLOWLY—THE MAC... COMET PLANE LEAVES THE SLOAN FLYING FIELD.
GOODBYE MICKEY! TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!

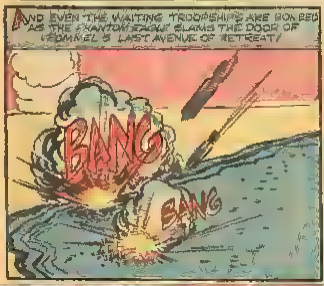

AND LIKE A GIANT EAGLE STREAKS HIGH OVER THE GREEN HILLS OF ENGLAND EASTWARD!

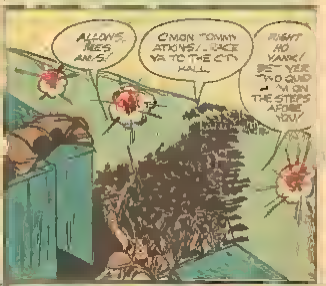

HOURS LATER THE COMET PLANE SWOOPS TO A SILENT LANDING ON A SUN BAKED FIELD IN TUNIS A...
IT'S THE PHANTOM EAGLE - AND HE'S GOT A NEW PLANE!
BETTER STILL, HE'S GOT THE INFORMATION WE NEED!
YOU'RE HERE IN THE NICK OF TIME, PHANTOM EAGLE!... OUR ATTACK ON TUNIS HAS BEGUN ALREADY... YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW US THE PASS THROUGH THE SURROUNDING HILLS... YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN WHO KNOWS THE ROUTE!
OKAY!... RADIO YOUR TROOPS TO FOLLOW MY SIGNAL FLARES!
ONCE AGAIN THE PHANTOM EAGLE ZOOMS SILENTLY FROM THE GROUND..
GOSH! LOOK AT THAT JOB TRAVEL! I'LL BET IT CAN DO BETTER THAN 400 MILES AN HOUR!
AND AS NAZI PLANES ROAR OUT TO BLAST THE ATTACKING AMERICANS...
ACH! THAT SHADOW!.. IT'S DER PHANTOM EAGLE!!
"THE COMET PLANE" AT FULL SPEED THROWS A SHADOW THAT RESEMBLES AN EAGLE IN FLIGHT...HENCE IT'S NAME - "PHANTOM EAGLE!"...
ACH! VE DUNT HAF A CHANST!

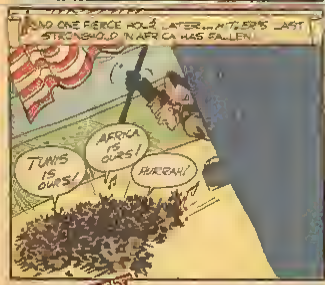
HEY! THERE'S THE PHANTOM EAGLE UP THERE!
LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE ON THE JOB THIS BATTLE IS GONNA BE EASY SAILIN'!
THAT'S THE LAST OF THE STUKAS NOW I'D BETTER LAY OUT THE ROUTE FOR THE ARMY!
COME ON YANKEE! THIS IS ONE ROUTE THE NAZIS NEVER EXPECTED US TO TAKE!
AND AS THE TOUGH AMERICAN FIGHTERS STORM THE EMBATTLED WHITE WALLS OF TUNIS—
THERE THEY GO! BUT IF IT WASN'T FOR DAD'S HELMET THIS WOULDN'T BE POSSIBLE!

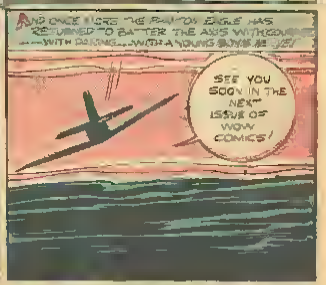

SILENTLY... SAVAGELY... THE PHANTOM EAGLE SMASHES AT THE SNARLING HORDES TRAPPED IN THE CITY...
ZOOM
AGH!
DER PHANTOM EAGLE!
...ONE LESS GUN EMPLACEMENT




AND EVEN THE WAITING TROOPSHIPS ARE BOMBED AS THE PHANTOM EAGLE SLAMS THE DOOR OF ROMMEL'S LAST AVENUE OF RETREAT!
BANG
BANG






AND ONCE AGAIN THE PHANTOM EAGLE HAS RETURNED TO BATTER THE AXIS WITHOUT ...WITH DARING...WITH A YOUNG SAVAGE AS HE FLIES!
SEE YOU SOON IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF WOW COMICS!

HELP FREEDOM BUY THE WINGS SHE NEEDS TO WIN!
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

Voyage to Valor

BY RAY TENDER

THE KID WAS in the top-side gun blister, his face as green as the sea beneath. Sprawled in a grotesque position beneath him, Martinson was dead. The kid, who was radio man of this Liberator crew, had taken his place, and blasted two Zeros out of the sky, and watched them hurtle in black streaked flame against the queer orange-green Pacific dawn.

But those were not the things that turned him sick clean through. The thing that got him was the Jap parachutist he had just chopped in half with his guns. It had not been intentional. The man had floated across his line of fire, but it had happened, and the kid was struck violently by the fact that it wasn't so much death that mattered as the way a man died.

Vaguely, he was conscious that the plane gave a violent lurch and shiver and began to throb. His consciousness of it was very vague . . . a bare whisper to himself that there was something he must think about when he had time. He was reeling his fire and watching a Zero swirl up out of the plane littered space below.

But the kid watched it almost as a man gazes into space. He felt another shattering twist of the Liberator, and watched the black Zero explode almost beneath their tail, and he put a twin burst of lead at the flame-spitting shadow that suddenly dove upon them front straight above. But none of this really meant anything. The kid was still seeing that parachutist split in half.

Dimly, he was conscious of the crash warning. The battle was way above and behind them now. He let go his guns and dropped through to his crash station. He was a ration man, and he was scrambling madly for rations when he was thrown flat. He scrambled back to his feet just as the lights went out, and there was only the pallid light filtering from the blisters and bridge.

The motors were dead and the quiet was a sudden roar after all that cannon and gun and engine screaming chaos of up above. He heard "Duke" Spooza's yell, "All out!" but it was something called from an enormous distance beyond the world where he had shot that man in half.

He felt somebody grab him and jerk him toward the hatch, and realized for the first time that water was creeping toward his waist. Duke yelled at him atop the bobbing surface of the wing. "Get moving into the big doughnut!"

"I couldn't find the biscuits," the kid said.

He caught one glimpse of Duke's wild grin, and then he was sliding off the wing into the big rubber boat. He lost a ration bundle and got drunked himself, but he had the other one still hugged to him as they hauled him fast first into the pitching ship. He had a very vague realization that the plane suddenly lifted its tail and vanished beneath the slow oily swells.

THERE WERE the three rubber rafts and they had only lost one man, Martinson, who had gone west upstairs. They roped the three rafts together and tried to acclimatize themselves to this bleak, silent world. There was no sign of any other wreckage, nor of a plane in the sky.

"What's matter?" Foreigner Reilly growled at the Duke. "You got a passion for heat above?"

All but the kid gave their hard, warrior's grins. They were alone, all right. Right smack alone in the middle of the Pacific, and probably fifty miles from that running battle, if it was still in progress. There was about one chance in a hundred of one of their own planes coming over this way, and about one in a thousand that it would see them if it did. Still, they grinned, and from time to time joked, for all of the blistering sun and the salt that began to bite into their flesh.

But the kid couldn't grin. He was still thinking of that Jap. Of course, the man was dead long before he dropped apart. That still didn't change the kid's feelings. He was sick and he looked it and he felt it. On the third day, he began to burn with fever.

The Duke wasn't gumming himself so much now. They had food enough, but no water, and that thirty foot shagreen shark looked as if he might tackle one of the boats itself. Duke had to keep an eye on each man, his spirits, health, and the way the men were divided. He hauled Reilly's raft over for a conference.

Reilly said, "My men are holding. Is the kid going to fold up?" He was finding an unaccountable hatred within himself for the kid. Maybe because this snivelling kid had lived while his side kick, Martinson, had gone west.

"Looks it," the Duke murmured. "Something happened upstairs. He won't tell what."

Reilly spit at the shark. He said, "A funeral isn't going to help much after we've bobbed around ten or twelve days."

Hard, realistic thinking. But this was war. Right now it was more than that. It was survival. Anything that might reduce

their fight and sperio was an enemy. Even one of their own. Reilly had never liked the kid. Now he knew he hated him. "No nerve," he sneered.

"Just not tough," the Duke corrected. "Well, maybe we'll get picked up."

"Sure," Reilly nodded. "By that." He jerked his head at the long dark green shadow trailing beneath their scant wake.

THAT NIGHT a storm scooped out their provisions, but gave them water. Dawn was a grey wash of fog. The seas were enormous swells that were worse than the lashing of the night before. For four days, they drifted through a world of dump, chill grey. They were all fevered now. Twice, Batson went berserk and they had to knock him out. Their eyes were red rimmed and swollen and stung with salt.

When the sun came out, the sea flattened out into a blazing pan of heat. It sucked at the moisture of their bodies. They were suffering, but nothing as they suffered after that gleaming speck drifted out of the horizon, and droned across the sky, and passed from sight. They had yelled themselves hoarse. Now they fell back spent by the effort and filled with that terrible bitterness of despair.

The commotion had brought the kid half out of his fevered stupor, and now he lay there crying softly and called for his mother. Reilly glared over at him with a blaze of contempt and cursed. Why did a real man have to die and this weak sister live?

Batson vanished that night. Nobody knew when or how. But the shark still followed. Light showers saved them from all going crazy. But exposure was getting them all. Exposure was a peculiar thing. It got McKenzie, physically the toughest of the lot, so that his beard was a bare beat.

Toward the close of the fourteenth day there was not a prayer or a curse left in the crew. They sprawled across each other, listless, strengthless, beaten, waiting now only for death to come. During all this time the kid had barely moved.

Now, he struggled to lean his elbow upon the inflated rim of the doughnut. Something had made him think of the ginger cookies his aunt used to make. Overhead, the sky was deckening into greenish clouds. Around the horizon, the sky was ashy yellow.

He found Reilly watching him with half crazed anger in his eyes. "No nerve!" the gunner rasped at him thickly. "But you got to live and Martinson died!"

THE KID DIDN'T know what he was talking about. He forced out the single word, "Land." The ginger smell was from there.

The Duke lifted his head and stared. A cloud on the horizon could look like land too. But this was an atoll. They could see the long curved line of surf breaking on the beach. The Duke coaxed and cursed and kicked the men into some fight. An island was no easy thing to miss in the Pacific. He slammed vitality into them by sheer will. He made them lean over the edge and paddle madly with their hands.

A current gripped them and drew them toward the shore. Then just as the sun was dropping, it veered, and swept them around the end of land. There it cast them loose behind a clump of rocks. Beyond the rocks, clear and black against the last circle of setting sun, lay a PT boat at anchor. They tried to cry out, but there was no sound left in their voices. Their thirst torn wheezes were lost in the boom of surf.

Then the Duke held up his hand warningly. They heard the dear guttural notes of Japanese skimming across the waters. "*Captire*!" the Duke whispered of the boat.

Every man there knew what that meant to them. It meant getting onto that atoll unobserved, or else threats. Their gazes wheeled to the white surf smashing on the beach. A strong swimmer would have a tough time getting through that surf. And they were half delirious and weak.

"We'll have to try it just at dusk," the Duke said gamely. The men sat there slowly flexing muscles, pulling up their last shreds of strength for the ordeal ahead. The Duke's eyes fell upon the kid. He gave a twisted, gentle smile. "Scared, kid?"

"Sure he's scared. Scared yellow!" Reilly gritted.

The kid struggled with weak, numbed fingers to get something out of his belt. He gave a feeble grin of denial. "Not really scared, Duke!" He jerked out his automatic and began examining it.

"Throw that out. It'll sink you," the Duke ordered.

The kid looked at him without understanding. "What am I going to fight with?" he asked.

The Duke stared at him. Reilly stared at him. The whole crew stared at him. Then suddenly a spark broke the grim deadness of the Duke's eyes and he rasped out a whisper of a laugh. He asked Reilly, "You still got fight enough left to take that captive? The kid has!"

Reilly licked his lips and cursed, and then the hatred washed out of him into a sheepish grin. A kind of strange and fiercely determined strength was flowing up into the men. They looked back at the boat, but they did not look at the kid for their shame.

Reilly growled, "Somethin' in the Bible like this, isn't there?"

"And a little child shall lead them," the Duke nodded.

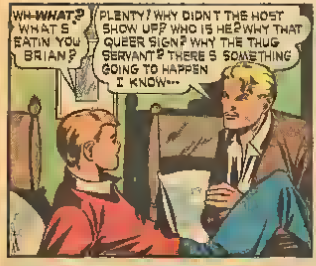
"Well, I'm ready to follow!" Reilly grunted, which was as near as he could come to an apology. "What's the plan of attack?"

The End

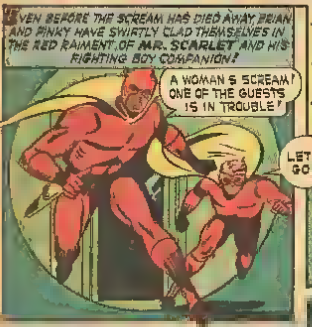
MR. SCARLET AND PINKY
WHO KNOWS WHAT HIDEOUS HORRORS LURK BEHIND THE DOORS OF ONE SINGLE HOUSE? ESPECIALLY IF IT'S "THE HOUSE OF 1,000 ROOMS!"
ONE THOUSAND ROOMS! EACH FILLED WITH A GHASTLY UNKNOWN MENACE, SPAWNED IN THE CUNNING, RUTHLESS BRAIN OF A COLD, INHUMAN KILLER!—ONE THOUSAND DEATHS, ALL TO BE FILMED ON CELLULOID TO MAKE THE MOST FRIGHTFUL HORROR PICTURE OF ALL TIMES!—SUCH IS THE SPINE-CHILLING PLAN OF THE DIRECTOR OF DEATH, AND EVEN MR. SCARLET AND PINKY ARE SCHEDULED TO CONTRIBUTE ONE REEL OF THE FANTASTIC, MURDEROUS MOVIE! COME WITH US, AS THAT CRIMSON-ROBED DUO SET OUT TO UNRAVEL THE MURDER MAZE OF THE— "HOUSE OF ONE THOUSAND ROOMS"
HA! HA! THE GREATEST PICTURE OF MY CAREER!—THE FILM OF FEAR!

A QUICK GLANCE INTO THE OFFICE OF CRIME PROSECUTOR BRIAN BUTLER, AND HIS OFFICE BOY PINKY, SHOWS THE TWO BUSILY ENGAGED AT THEIR MAIN OCCUPATION-- DOING NOTHING!
PINKY QUIT BITING YOUR FINGERNAILS! WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING?
NO--I'M JUST HUNGRY! WISH I HAD SOME SALT AND PEPPER!
THIS SAD STATE OF AFFAIRS IS DUE TO THE FACT THAT THE MAYOR HAS BLACK-BALLED BUTLER FOR LETTING MR. SCARLET, FAMED CRIME-CRACKER SOLVE ALL HIS CASES!
AND LOOK AT YOU, BRIAN--- CUTTING OUT PAPER DOLLS!
WHY--ER, JUST TO IDLE THE TIME AWAY! BUT DON'T YOU WORRY PINKY A CASE IS GOING TO WALK IN ANY MINUTE! I'M SURE!
SEE? HERE'S A CLIENT NOW! LET HIM IN, PINKY!
BOY, HE'LL NEVER GET OUT AGAIN!
A LETTER FOR YOU, MR. BUTLER!
THE MAILMAN! AH, CRUEL FATE! WE STILL DON'T EAT!
MAYBE WE DO EAT, PINKY! LOOK AT THIS!
YOUR MOST GRACIOUS PRESENCE IS REQUESTED FOR THE WEEKEND AT THE HOUSE OF 1,000 ROOMS. YOU MAY BRING A COMPANION! Old friend
OH, AT IT'S JUST A SHORT WALK FROM TURMMKE STA
YOU MAY BRING A COMPANION--THAT'S ME! HURRAY! FOOD AT LAST!
I'M PACKING ALONG MY SCARLET COSTUME! ONE NEVER KNOWS!
YES, BRIAN BUTLER IS HIS OWN BITTEREST RIVAL, MR. SCARLET!
AS EVENING FALLS, THE TWO GUESTS TRUDGE TO THE LONELY STRANGE HOUSE OF 1,000 ROOMS BROODING LIKE AN ARCHITECT'S NIGHTMARE UNDER A WEIRD MOON!
BUT WHO'S THIS "OLD FRIEND" WHO INVITED US?
I DON'T KNOW, PINKY! BUT THERE'S A STORY ABOUT THIS HOUSE!-- THE OWNER, THROUGH THE YEARS KEPT ADDING ROOMS AND WINGS HAPHAZARDLY TILL IT LOOKS LIKE--WELL, LIKE THAT!

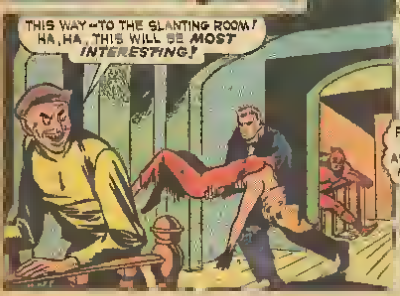
WELL, ANYWAY THERE'LL BE FOOD! BIG MOUNTAINOUS HEAPS OF IT! I'M GOING TO SPEND ALL MY TIME JUST STUFFING IT DOWN!
DA MARSTER IS EXPECTIN' YOUSE! I'LL SHOW YA TO YER ROOMS-- FOLLER ME!
SAY PINKY THAT WAS A THUG IF I EVER SAW ONE!
SO WHAT P- WHEN DO WE EAT P- AHHHH! THE DINNER BELL!
DING A LING-A LING!
ALL THE GUEST'S HAVE ARRIVED--BUT NOT THE HOST!
?
!
!
DA MARSTER BEGS PARDON BUT HE IS INDISPOSED!- BUT HE SAYS TO GO ON WID DA DINNER!
HE SAID TO PUT DIS SIGN UP!
WHA-- P- HOW ODD!
WELL I NEVER--
EAT, DRINK, AND MAKE MERRY FOR TO-NIGHT YOU MAY BE DEAD!
SUMPTUOUS MEAL, AND THEN FOR LACK OF ANYTHING ELSE -- BEDTIME!
BOYOHBOYOHBOY! AM I DULL! WHAT A WONDERFUL DELICIOUS MEAL!
YES PINKY-- BUT WHAT IF IT WAS YOUR LAST ONE!


WH-WHAT? WHAT'S EATIN' YOU BRIAN?
PLENTY! WHY DIDN'T THE HOST SHOW UP? WHO IS HE? WHY THAT QUEER SIGN? WHY THE THUG SERVANT? THERE'S SOMETHING GOING TO HAPPEN I KNOW...

And SUDDENLY FROM THE HOUSE OF 1,000 ROOMS, THERE RINGS FORTH A SHUDDERY SCREAM--!
EEAAA-
YELP!

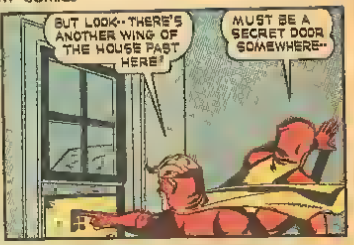

EVEN BEFORE THE SCREAM HAS DIED AWAY BRIAN AND PINKY HAVE SWIFTLY CLAD THEMSELVES IN THE RED RAIMENT OF MR. SCARLET AND HIS FIGHTING BOY COMPANION!
A WOMAN'S SCREAM! ONE OF THE GUESTS IS IN TROUBLE!
LET'S GO!

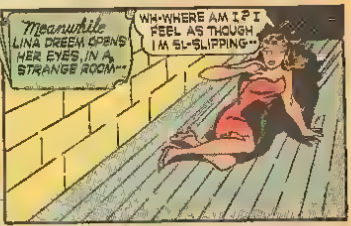
Meanwhile FROM THE BEDROOM OF LINA DREEM, BROADWAY ACTRESS, STALKS A HIDEOUS FIGURE!
BRING HER OUT, SLUG! HURRY!


THIS WAY--TO THE SLANTING ROOM! HA, HA, THIS WILL BE MOST INTERESTING!

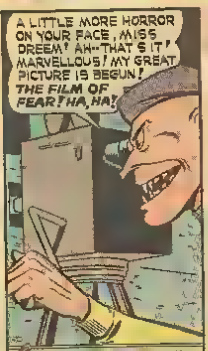
AFTER THEM, PINKY! LOOKS LIKE MURDER IN THE MAKING!
PUFF! PUFF! AND RIGHT AFTER THAT BIG MEAL--PUFF!

The CHASE LEADS AROUND A CORNER--- WHERE--!
WHOA! A BLANK WALL!


BUT LOOK-- THERE'S ANOTHER WING OF THE HOUSE PAST HERE!
MUST BE A SECRET DOOR SOMEWHERE--

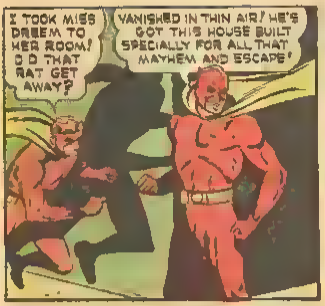

Meanwhile LINA DREEM OPENS HER EYES, IN A STRANGE ROOM--
WH-WHERE AM I? I FEEL AS THOUGH I'M SL-SLIPPING--

--A ROOM WHOSE FLOOR SLANTS AT A STEEP ANGLE, AFFORDING NO HOLD FOR CLAWING DESPERATE FINGERS--!
EEAAA! HELP! I'M SLIPPING-- SLIDING--

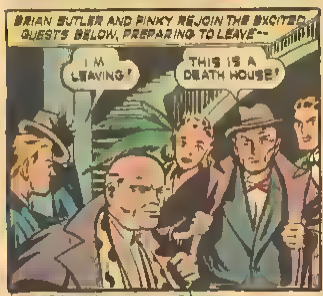

A LITTLE MORE HORROR ON YOUR FACE, MISS DREEM! AH-- THAT'S IT! MARVELLOUS! MY GREAT PICTURE IS BEGUN! THE FILM OF FEAR! HA, HA!
AND THE DIRECTOR OF DEATH CATCHES EVERY EXPRESSION OF HORROR AND AGONY ON FILM!

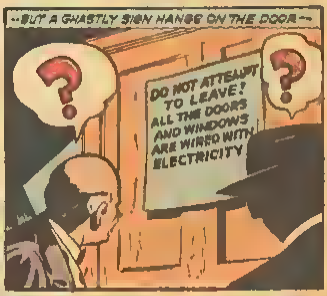
BUT THE RED-CLAD CRIME-BUSTERS HAVE FOUND THE SECRET DOOR!
EEA-A-A
WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO MISS DREEM?
IT ISN'T GOOD!

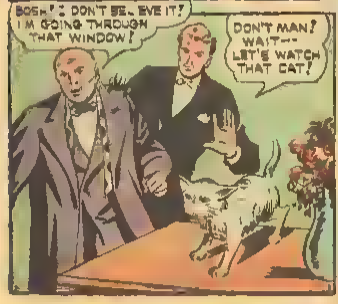
QUICKLY THEY REACH THE ROOM OF HORROR--
WHAT--THOSE SPIKES!
SHE'S SLIPPING FAST!
DESPERATE RESCUE, VIA HUMAN CHAIN--
GOT HER PINKY?
GOT HER! PULL UP NOW, SCARLET!
OHH!
WHA--? HOW DID THOSE TWO RED CHIEFLERS GET IN? THEY'VE RUINED MY FILM OF FEAR!
THAT ISN'T ALL THAT'S GOING TO BE RUINED-- HOW ABOUT YOUR FACE?
SNATCHING UP HIS CAMERA, THE KILLER MAKES A RUN FOR IT!
I'LL GET YOU IF I HAVE TO CHASE YOU THROUGH THIS WHOLE HOUSE!
YOU DON'T KNOW MY HOUSE!
HA HA--I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT-- GOOD-BYE!

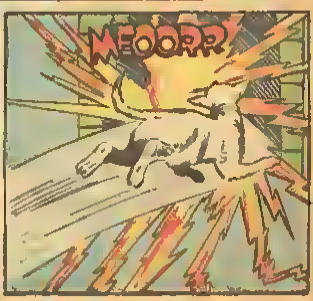

I TOOK MISS DREEM TO HER ROOM! D'D THAT RAT GET AWAY?
VANISHED IN THIN AIR! HE'S GOT THIS HOUSE BUILT SPECIALLY FOR ALL THAT MAYHEM AND ESCAPE!

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, SCARLET?
I'M UP A TREE SO FAR PINKY!-- BUT OUR UNKNOWN HOST'S A KILLER THAT'S SURE! AND ALL THE GUESTS ARE IN DANGER! IT ALL HAS CONNECTION WITH THE MOVIE INDUSTRY HMM-- BUT LET'S GET TO OUR ROOMS AND CHANGE!

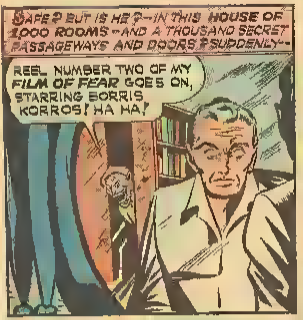

BRIAN BUTLER AND PINKY REJOIN THE EXCITED GUESTS BELOW, PREPARING TO LEAVE--
I'M LEAVING!
THIS IS A DEATH HOUSE!


--BUT A GHASTLY SIGN HANGS ON THE DOOR--
DO NOT ATTEMPT TO LEAVE! ALL THE DOORS AND WINDOWS ARE WIRED WITH ELECTRICITY

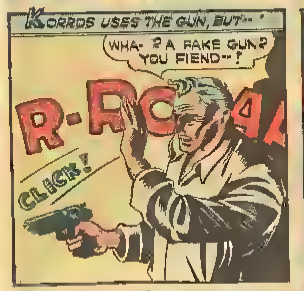

BOSH! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I'M GOING THROUGH THAT WINDOW!
DON'T MAN! WAIT-- LET'S WATCH THAT CAT!

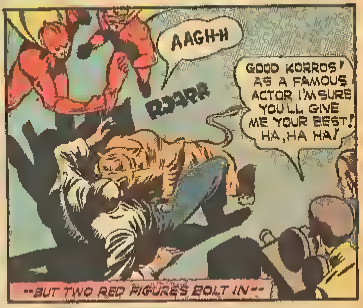

MEOOR?

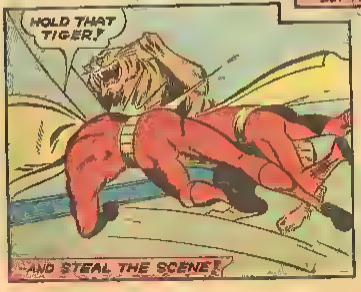
TH-THANKS FOR SAVING MY LIFE! I'M ARCHIBALD HETHER, BUSINESS MAN! I DON'T KNOW HOW I GOT INTO ALL THIS! WHO IS THIS "OLD FRIEND" WHO INVITED US?
YOU GOT THE SAME INVITATION?
WE ALL DID! BUT WHO HE IS, WE DON'T KNOW!
HMM—WELL WE'RE TRAPPED HERE AT LEAST FOR THE NIGHT! LOCK YOUR ROOMS!
BRIAN BUTLER AND PINKY ALSO RETIRE TO THEIR ROOM—
HEY, I'M BAFFLED! ANY CLUES YET BRIAN?
NONE PINKY—EXCEPT THAT I THINK OUR MURDERING HOST IS REALLY ONE OF THE GUESTS, INCOGNITO!
"TO EMERGE A MOMENT LATER AS THEIR OTHER CRIME-FIGHTING SELVES"
ONE OF THE GUESTS? BUT WHICH ONE?
I DON'T KNOW—BUT IT COULD BE BORRIS KORROS THE HOLLYWOOD HORROR ACTOR!
AT THE DOOR TO HIS ROOM, BORRIS KORROS PAUSES, GLANCING FURTIVELY DOWN THE HALL!
THE FOOLS! THE FOOLS!—DON'T THEY KNOW!
LOCKED HIS DOOR, THAT MEANS HE'S INNOCENT?
MAYBE! BUT IF HE IS INNOCENT HE'S SAFE FROM HARM!

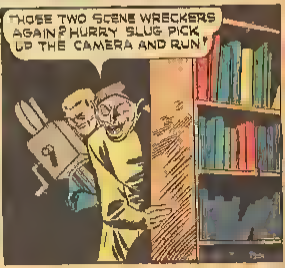

SAFE? BUT IS HE?--IN THIS HOUSE OF 1,000 ROOMS--AND A THOUSAND SECRET PASSAGEWAYS AND DOORS? SUDDENLY--
REEL NUMBER TWO OF MY FILM OF FEAR GOES ON, STARRING BORRIS KORROS! HA HA!

GOOD HEAVENS! A TIGER!
A FIGHT TO THE DEATH, KORROS- HOWEVER, I'VE GIVEN YOU A CHANCE- THERE'S A GUN ON THE TABLE!

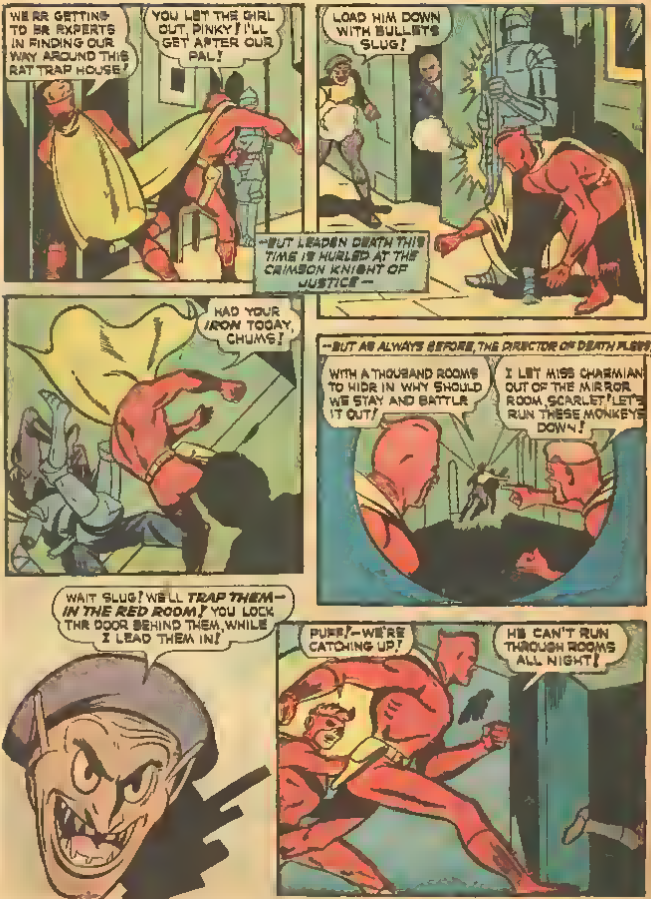

KORROS USES THE GUN, BUT--
WHA- ? A FAKE GUN? YOU FIEND--!
R-R
CLICK!


AAGH-H
RRRR
GOOD KORROS! AS A FAMOUS ACTOR I'M SURE YOU'LL GIVE ME YOUR BEST! HA, HA, HA!
--BUT TWO RED FIGURES BOLT IN--

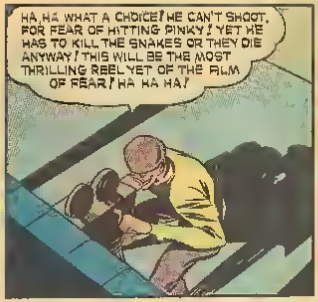

HOLD THAT TIGER!
--AND STEAL THE SCENE!


THOSE TWO SCENE WRECKERS AGAIN? HURRY SLUG PICK UP THE CAMERA AND RUN!

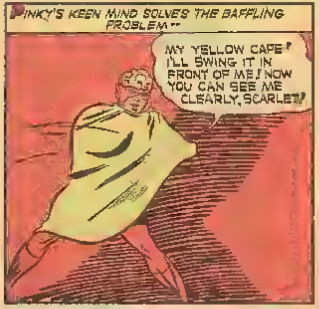
GOT AWAY AGAIN?
I'M ALL RIGHT BOY!
SLAM
HE'S MAKING A FILM OF FEAR ITSELF! A MOVIE OF STARK REALISM! THAT'S WHY HE GOT US ALL HERE -TO HAVE OUR DEATH AGONIES RECORDED ON FILM! AND I KNOW WHO IT IS -
WHO? QUICK, TELL US, MAN!
HE'S-
C'MON, PINKY! HE'S WORKING FAST! WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST TOO!
EEEEEEEE!
WHAT FURTHER GHASTLINESS DOES THE "HOUSE OF 1,000 ROOMS" HOLD? - WHAT IS THE MIND-GIBBERING ROOM THAT CAUSES LOLA CHARMIAN, BEAUTIFUL MODEL, TO STARE IN SCREECHING TERROR?
A ROOM OF MIRRORS -- OF MAD DISTORTED IMAGES!
OH-NO, NO!
YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL, LOLA CHARMIAN! YOU LIKE TO STARE AT YOURSELF IN MIRRORS? LOOK AROUND YOU, HA HA-HA!
IT'LL DRIVE ME MAD- OHHHH-!
TURN YOUR FACE THIS WAY MISS CHARMIAN! LET ME CATCH EVERY FLICKER OF INSANITY AS IT CRAWLS OVER YOUR LOVELY FACE!
BOSS- HERE COMES DOSE TWO RED GUYS AGAIN!

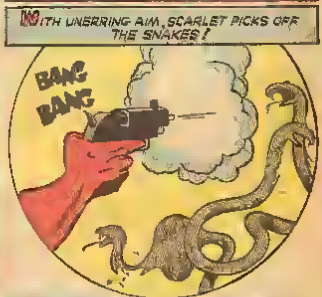

WE'RE GETTING TO BE EXPERTS IN FINDING OUR WAY AROUND THIS RAT TRAP HOUSE!
YOU LET THE GIRL OUT, PINKY! I'LL GET AFTER OUR PAL!
LOAD HIM DOWN WITH BULLETS SLUG!
--BUT LEADEN DEATH THIS TIME IS HURLED AT THE CRIMSON KNIGHT OF JUSTICE --
HAD YOUR IRON TODAY, CHUMS!
--BUT AS ALWAYS BEFORE, THE DIRECTOR OF DEATH FLEES!
WITH A THOUSAND ROOMS TO HIDE IN WHY SHOULD WE STAY AND BATTLE IT OUT!
I LET MISS CHAEMIAN OUT OF THE MIRROR ROOM, SCARLET! LET'S RUN THESE MONKEYS DOWN!
WAIT SLUG! WE'LL TRAP THEM-- IN THE RED ROOM! YOU LOCK THE DOOR BEHIND THEM, WHILE I LEAD THEM IN!
PUFF!--WE'RE CATCHING UP!
HE CAN'T RUN THROUGH ROOMS ALL NIGHT!

But BACK OF THEM, SLUG BANGS THE DOOR SHUT--
HA, HA, HA!
SLAM
--AND AHEAD OF THEM, THE DIRECTOR OF DEATH SLAMS SHUT THE OTHER DOOR IN THEIR FACES--!
HA, HA, A PERFECT TRAP FOR THOSE TWO RED-SUIT APES! HA HA, WAIT'LL THEY LOOK AROUND INSIDE!
INSIDE THE SEALED OFF ROOM--
HOLY CATS! WE'RE IN A RED ROOM, SCARLET! I CAN'T SEE YOU AT ALL--EXCEPT YOUR FACE!
THE REST OF US BLENDS PERFECTLY WITH THE RED COLOR!
FIENDISHLY THE DIRECTOR OF DEATH PREPARES A HIDEOUS DEATH SCENE--
LONELY IN THERE? HERE ARE SOME POISONOUS SNAKES FOR COMPANY!
--AND AT LAST OF ALL COMES FLYING IN A GUN
I ALWAYS GIVE MY VICTIMS A CHANCE! HERE'S A GUN TO SHOOT THE SNAKES!
--BUT AS SCARLET IS ABOUT TO FIRE, A GHASTLY FEAR CRAWLS IN HIS BRAIN--
PINKY! I CAN'T SEE YOU! I MIGHT HIT YOU!

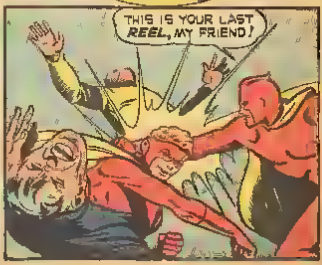

HA, HA WHAT A CHOICE! ME CAN'T SHOOT, FOR FEAR OF HITTING PINKY! YET HE HAS TO KILL THE SNAKES OR THEY DIE ANYWAY! THIS WILL BE THE MOST THRILLING REEL YET OF THE FILM OF FEAR! HA HA HA!

I'M OVER HERE, SCARLET! CAN'T YOU SEE ME?
NOT CLEARLY ENOUGH TO OPEN FIRE! AND THE SNAKES ARE READY TO STRIKE!
HYSSSS

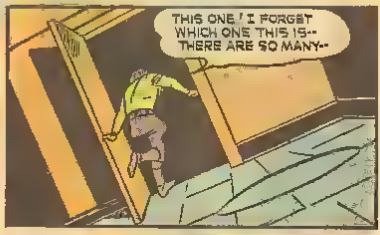

PINKY'S KEEN MIND SOLVES THE BAFFLING PROBLEM···
MY YELLOW CAPE! I'LL SWING IT IN FRONT OF ME! NOW YOU CAN SEE ME CLEARLY, SCARLET!

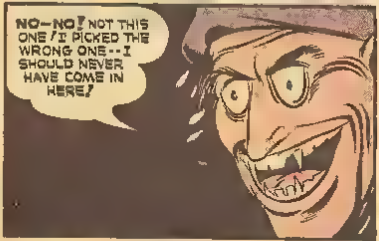

WITH UNERRING AIM, SCARLET PICKS OFF THE SNAKES!
BANG BANG

AND THEN IN FURY THE CRIMSON CRIME-BUSTERS SMASH OUT OF THEIR PRISON···
TOGETHER PINKY—!
WE'RE OUT!
SMASH!

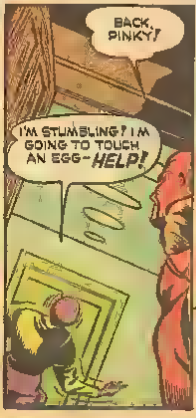

THIS IS YOUR LAST REEL, MY FRIEND!

--BUT THE WILY KILLER ONCE MORE BANKS ON ESCAPE WITHIN THE INTRICATE MAZES OF THE HOUSE OF 1,000 ROOMS!
THEY'VE GOT SLUG! AND THEY'RE HOT ON MY HEELS! BUT I'LL SLIP INTO ONE OF MY TRICK ROOMS--

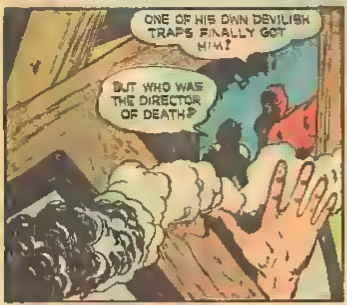

THIS ONE! I FORGET WHICH ONE THIS IS-- THERE ARE SO MANY--

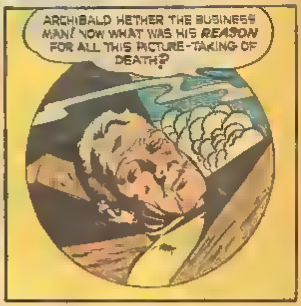

NO--NO! NOT THIS ONE! I PICKED THE WRONG ONE--I SHOULD NEVER HAVE COME IN HERE!

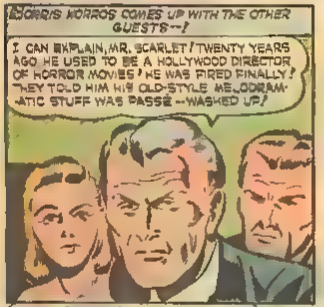
THE DIRECTOR OF DEATH HAS RUN INTO ONE OF HIS OWN DEADLY TRAP--
THE DANCE OF DEATH ROOM! THESE EGGS ARE FILLED WITH EXPLOSIVES! ONE MISSTEP AND I BLOW SKY-HIGH!

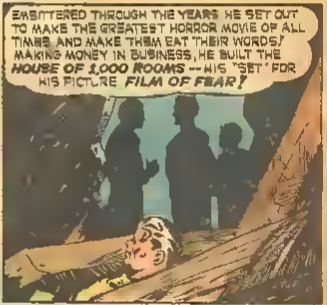

BACK, PINKY!
I'M STUMBLING! I'M GOING TO TOUCH AN EGG--HELP!

HE TOUCHED ONE OF THE EGGS--DOWN!






MORRIS MORROS COMES UP WITH THE OTHER GUESTS--!
I CAN EXPLAIN, MR. SCARLET! TWENTY YEARS AGO HE USED TO BE A HOLLYWOOD DIRECTOR OF HORROR MOVIES! HE WAS FIRED FINALLY! THEY TOLD HIM HIS OLD-STYLE MELODRAMATIC STUFF WAS PASSÉ--WASHED UP!

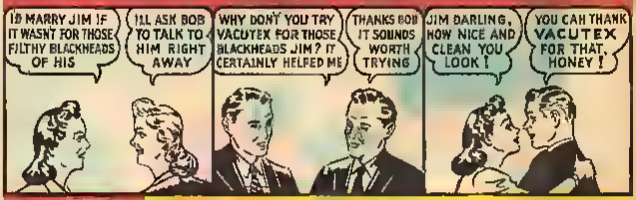

EMBITTERED THROUGH THE YEARS HE SET OUT TO MAKE THE GREATEST HORROR MOVIE OF ALL TIMES AND MAKE THEM EAT THEIR WORDS! MAKING MONEY IN BUSINESS, HE BUILT THE HOUSE OF 1,000 ROOMS -- HIS "SET" FOR HIS PICTURE FILM OF FEAR!

I GET IT! HE HAD THE HOUSE UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME AND POSED AS ONE OF THE GUESTS! THEN WHEN THE PICTURE WAS DONE NO ONE WOULD BE ABLE TO PIN THE CRIMES ON HIM!
AND ONLY YOU MR. SCARLET SAVED US ALL FROM THAT CUNNING PLOT!

HELP SCARE THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS OUT OF THOSE MASTERS OF FEAR THE NAZIS
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS!

WHEN MIDNIGHT SHOWS UP, YOU SEE STARS...
AND WHEN
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
SHOWS UP...
THE NAZIS SEE STARS!
PULSE-POUNDING ACTION!
HAIR-RAISING THRILLS!
Your favorite of the radio is now your favorite in the comics. Get his own magazine at your nearest newsstand—
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT COMICS
68
FULL-COLOR
PAGES
10¢

REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS
OR NO COST


I'D MARRY JIM IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE FILTHY BLACKHEADS OF HIS
I'LL ASK BOB TO TALK TO HIM RIGHT AWAY
WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME
THANKS BOB IT SOUNDS WORTH TRYING
JIM DARLING, HOW NICE AND CLEAN YOU LOOK!
YOU CAN THANK VACUTEX FOR THAT, HONEY!

AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your $1.00 will be immediately refunded.

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept 4705
516 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postmen $1.98 plus postage. My $1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.

☐ I prefer to enclose $1.98 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME .....

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